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ART RAMBLES
IN THE
HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS
OF
SCOTLAND

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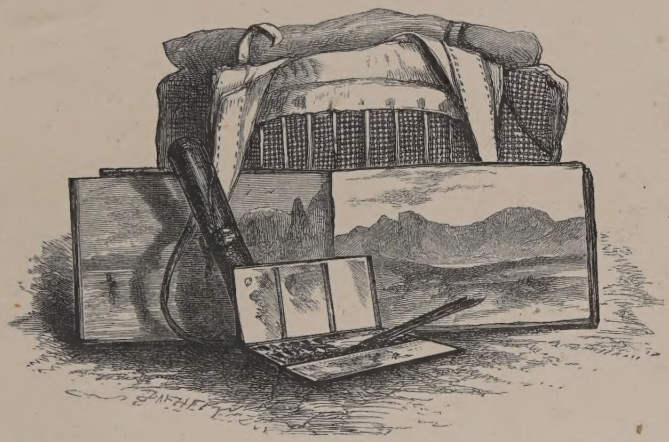
By JOHN T. REID
AUTHOR OF "ART RAMBLES IN SHETLAND"



WITH
156 SKETCHES
TAKEN FROM NATURE AND DRAWN ON WOOD BY THE AUTHOR

ENGRAVED BY DALZIEL BROTHERS

LONDON AND NEW YORK
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS
1878

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LOCH SEAFORTH, LEWIS.

PREFACE.

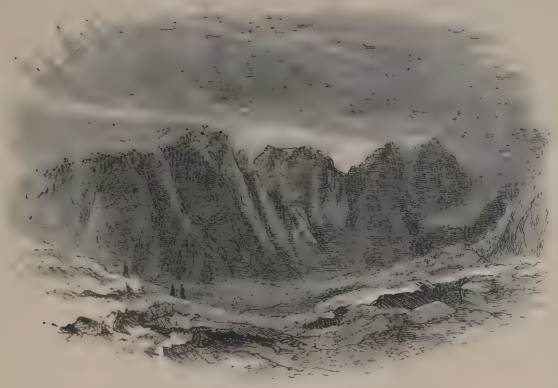
THE Author has hope that he who reads this volume will have a share of the pleasure which fell to his own lot while he visited the scenes he has endeavoured to describe and illustrate. He desires that his pictorial pages may aid those whose time is spent in earnest labour, amid the disturbing influences of city life, to live over again the health-giving days spent in our mountain land, and is wishful that his Rambles may prove an agreeable book companion to all who make its acquaintance.

He has not entered the fields of archæology, history, or science. As author and artist he has enrolled himself a graduate in Dame Nature's school.

The pictures were taken from our Highland and Island land and sea-scape, and drawn on the wood from his original sketches by his own hand. He gladly acknowledges his indebtedness to Messrs. DALZIEL BROTHERS for their faithful and appreciative rendering of his drawings.

21 *Broughton Place, Edinburgh.*
August, 1877.

BURNSIDE, NEAR EDINBURGH.



CORRIE, DUNDONALD.

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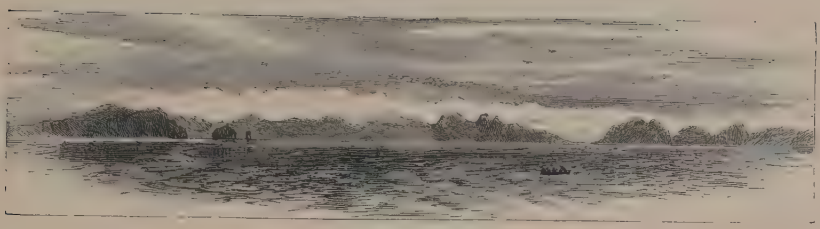

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THE BASS ROCK.

ART RAMBLES IN THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

CHAPTER I.

On the morning of Saturday, the 15th day of July, 1876, I drove to the West Pier ot Leith, hoping to find the Stirling steamboat there. Her place was vacant, and I learnt that she had sailed an hour and a half before, and that the next, the one o'clock boat, could only reach Alloa that night because of the tide. I had misunderstood the company's time-bill, and was a week too soon for the sailing I had read of in the advertisement. The morning was fine, and all persons and places wore a glad aspect: sunshine lit up the cloudlets,

shimmered on the wavelets, sparkled on the windows of the house-lined shore, and transformed even the "reek" of our famed "Auld Reekie" into a feature of beauty. Haze veiled the extreme distance, Granton basked in warm sunlight, and the fishing village of Newhaven, with its houses, its pier, its boats, and its rocks, was pleasant to look upon, while the seaward and the sunward view was all aglow with exquisitely delicate passages of colour and tracings of form, revealing in dreamy mystery the shores of Fife and the island of Inchkeith.

I was ready for my ramble, having on my back a knapsack well charged with stores for the soul, the mind, the brush, and the body, and carrying with me a large sketching umbrella, a camp-stool, a waterproof case to hold a folio for drawings, fourteen inches by ten inches in size, and a small courier bag for the colour-box, a brush-case, and a water-flask. I need scarcely tell any fellow-pilgrim who, thus laden, has tried a walking tour in the Highlands, that my helps hindered me, and that after the first ramble I was glad to diminish my pack, retaining only the knapsack (minus many items), such materials for sketching as my pockets could hold, and in place of the umbrella "Goliath," a small friend which served also as a staff.

NEWHAVEN.

To utilize the waiting hours, I sought out a quiet nook on an undershelf of the pier, and took a jotting, in colour, of Newhaven. For a time I enjoyed a measure of seclusion; but towards noon there were many pleasure sailings afloat, steamers came alongside, my *quiet nook* became a scene of bustle and confusion, and made sketching no easy task. Many dozens of bottles of soda-water and ginger-beer and other stores were shipped; bells rang loud and long,

THE PORT OF LEITH.

excursionists of every age hastened on board, a gangway was pulled ashore, the hawser fell with a plash into the water, and the Aberdour party had started. In half an hour they reached the Fife shore, and landing on the new pier, each gathered to his own company and sought pleasure after his own liking. Some joined the bathers at the "silver beach;" yachters looked out for the "Mary Jane," the "Bertha," or the "Star," and were soon cruising at will over the waters; many took to the small boats and steered towards Inchcolm,* listened to the boatman's tale about "Mortimer's Deep," where a company of monks drowned the sailors who attempted to convey for interment in a barge the remains of Mortimer, between the island and Aberdour; they explored the ruins of the abbey founded by Alexander I., and were refreshed by a drink of good new milk they got at the shepherd's house; others visited the picturesque ruins of old Aberdour Castle. A few drouthy customers spent the afternoon in the inn parlour; but the greater number climbed the brae that leads to the woods at the east of the town, and when in the woods had rather a jubilant time of it. "In the woods of Aberdour" vividly recalls picnicing parties gathered under the overarching boughs of stately beech, the waters of the Firth beyond, the melody of birds, rustling leafage, glints of sunlight falling on the green sward, the merry laughter and the frisky playfulness of children, the joyous sportive repartee of young men and maidens, and the glow of happiness that, like the genial warmth and the bright tints of an Indian summer, gladdens the older people. They forget about the grey hairs and the failing strength, and are almost persuaded that the winter of age has left them, and that the summer of youth has come back again.

Let us return to Leith Pier, where we find another boat advertised to visit (weather permitting) the Bass Rock.

> "Dread rock! thy life is two eternities,—
> The last in air, the former in the deep;
> First with the whales—last with the eagle skies:
> Drowned wast thou till an earthquake made thee steep!
> Another cannot bow thy giant size!"

I remember seeing the Bass to great advantage one evening as I sailed past in a steamship going to London. Dark rain-clouds lowered overhead, and gave an inky blackness to the sea, whose waves lashed themselves into foam at the

* Appendix. Note A.

base of the cliffs, noise-some myriads of sea-birds were on the wing; they filled the air, and in loud ecstacy drowned the voice of the wind with their wild screaming.

> "The air was dirkit with the fowlis,
> That cam with yammeris and with yowlis,
> With shrykking, screeking, skrymming, scowlis,
> And meikle noyis and showtes."

It seemed a gloomy rock, a cheerless isle, a melancholy home, a dreary prison-house for those faithful men who were exiled for years there, and for the most part confined to the dark, lonesome, and unwholesome dungeons, the ruins of which are still to be seen. The isle looks doubly dark when we thus link it with the miserable men who have used it as a place where they might in deeds toward their fellows make manifest the evil of their own hearts. Hugh Miller has given from one of his early diaries a few jottings he noted down as he first viewed the island. "We are bearing up the Firth in gallant style, within two miles of the shore, and shall in a few hours, if the breeze fail not, be within sight of Edinburgh. Yonder is the Bass, rising like an immense tower out of the sea. Times have changed since the excellent of the earth were condemned by the unjust and the dissolute to wear out life on that solitary rock. My eyes fill as I gaze on it! The persecutors have gone to their place: the last vial has long since been poured out on the heads of the infatuated race who, in their short-sighted policy, would fain have rendered men faithful to their princes by making them untrue to their God. But the noble constancy of the persecuted, the high fortitude of the martyr, still live; there is a halo encircling the brow of that rugged rock; and from many a solitary grave, and many a lonely battle-field, there come voices and thunderings like those which issued of old from within the cloud, that tell us how this world, with all its little interests, must pass away, but that for those who fight the good fight and keep the faith, there abideth a rest that is eternal."

I cannot refrain from quoting what he further adds as he unfolds to us the sermon of the Bass: "It is not uninstructive to remark, from facts and feelings such as these—and the instances on record are very great,—how much more permanently *good* connects itself with matter, in the associations of the human mind, than *evil*. The wickedness of the wicked cannot so enfeoff itself, if one may so speak, in even their contrivances of most diabolical design,—screws, and boots, and thumbkins, dolorous dungeons, and scaffolds hung with the insignia

of disgrace,—but that the virtues of their victims seize hold upon them, and so entirely appropriate them in the recollection of future generations, that the claim of the original possessors is lost. What a striking comment on the sacred text, 'The memory of the just is blessed; but the name of the wicked shall rot'! It seems to throw a gleam of light, too, athwart a deeply mysterious subject. It was a greatly worse time than the present in this country, when the dungeons of yonder rock were crowded with the country's most conscientious men. And yet how intense the interest with which we look back upon these times, and on the rock itself, as a sort of stepping-stone by which to ascend to their scenes of ready sacrifice, firm endurance, and high resolve; and how very poor would not the national history become, were all its records of resembling purport and character to be blotted out! The evil of the past has served but to enhance the good. May there not be a time coming when the just made perfect shall look back upon all ill, moral and physical, with a similar feeling? when the tree of the knowledge of *good* and *evil* shall grow once more beside the tree of life in the Paradise of God, but when its fruit, rendered wholesome by the transmutative power, shall be the subject of no punitive prohibition; and when the world which we inhabit, wrapped round with holiest associations, as once the dungeon-house and scaffold of a Divine Sufferer, shall be regarded —disreputable as we may now deem its annals—with reverence and respect, as the *Bass* of the universe, and its history be deemed perhaps the most precious record in the archives of heaven?"

In favourable weather a day may be well spent visiting the island by a small boat, which may be had of the keeper of the Bass at his house, Canty Bay near Berwick, and "The Bass Rock"*—the book from which I quote the above remarks of Hugh Miller, and those which follow in a different strain—will be an agreeable companion.

We are quaintly told—"the most ancient inhabitants of this island (the Bass) in all probability were the solan geese." Mr. Darwin has doubtless found extraordinary instances of rapid evolution in the remarks of early writers concerning their development. In a History of Scotland by Hector Boece, published in 1526, translated by Holinshed, we have a very particular account of "soland geese," and, read in the light of his after-remarks, it is not strange that he should pave the way for the reception of his teaching with these words: "Certes!

* Appendix. Note B.

there is nothing in this rocke that is not full of admiration and woonder!" Maintaining that the procreation of the solan geese is not made upon trees, but is engendered by the sea, he tells us:

"All trées cast into that element in processe of time become wormeaten, and in the holes thereof are the said wormes to be found, though verie little and small (in comparison to that they be afterward) to be perceiued at the first. In the beginning these worms doo shew their heads and féet, and last of all their plumes & wings. Finallie when they are come to the just measure and quantitie of géese, they flie in the aire as other foules doo.

"This was notablie prooued in the yeare of Grace 1490, in sight of many people, beside the castell of Peslego, whether the bodie of a great trée was brought by working of the sea. This trée being taken, it was carried to the lord of the soile, who soone after caused it to be slit in sunder with a saw: which being doone, it is incredible to see what a multitude of wormes came out of their holes. Of these also some apeered as if they had béene but new shapen: divers had head, foot, and wings, but no feathers, the rest were formed into perfect foules. At last when the people had gazed thereon by the space of an whole daie, they carried it to Saint Andrewes church beside Tire, where the said blocke remains still to be seene. Within two yeeres after there hapned such another trée to come into the Firth of Tay beside Dundée, wormeaten and full of ẏoong géese after the same manner: the third was séen in the hauen of Leith beside Edinburgh: and also within a few yéeres, in like sort, a ship named the Cristopher, after she had lien thrée yéeres at anchor in one of these Iles, was broght to Leith, where bicause hir timber was found to be rotten, she was taken in sunder, and in hir kéele were found infinite holes, as if they had been eaten with wormes, or bored with a wimble, and each one of them filled with such creatures as I have said before.

"Héere if any man will alledge that the Cristopher was builded of such timber onelie as grew in these Iles, and that all roots and trees there growing are of such nature as in their corruption doo turne into these foules, I will disprooue his assertion by one notable example showed before mine eies. Maister Alexander Galloway, parson of Kinkell, was with vs in these Iles, and giuing his mind with attentiue diligence to search out a full resolution with ys of these obscure and hidden matters, it hapned on a time that he took vp a branch of Alga, called in Scotish, seatangle, which hanged full of muskle shels from the root euen to the verie top. Being also desirous to sée what was in them, he

grew to be more astonished than before: for when he opened one or two of them, he saw no fish, but a foule perfectlie shapen, fullie answering to the capacitie of the shell.

"Finallie, knowing that I was verie inquisitiue of these and the like rare nouelties, he came hastilie with the said hearbe & shewed it vnto me, who found no lesse by experience than I before reported. By these and many other reasons & examples I cannot beleeue that these Claiks (or Barnacls as I call them) are producted either by the qualities of the trées or the roots thereof, but onelie by the nature of the sea, which is the verie cause and productrix of so manie wonderfull creatures. Furthermore, bicause the rude & ignorant people saw oftentimes the fruits that fell from trées, which stood neuer in the sea, conuerted within short time into géese, they beléeued that these géese grew vpon trées, hanging by their nebs as apples and other fruit doo by their stalks, but their opinion is vtterlie to be reiected. For so soone as these apples or fruit fall from the trée into the sea, they grow first to be wormeaten, and in processe of time to be conuerted into géese."

Referring my reader to further gleanings concerning this interesting rock to the Appendix,* I proceed to tell my own story. A few minutes before one o'clock I formed a unit of the crowd that filled fore and aft decks and the bridge of the "Lord Mar." I unshouldered the knapsack, and placed "Goliath" in a safe corner. Representatives from the workshop, the counter, the desk, the school, and the drawing-room hastened on board—some only to have a sail, and return with the boat in the afternoon—others to join "the family" at sea-side quarters; lag-behinds arrived in breathless haste; another and yet another bell was rung; the captain was patient, and stayed some time after the sailing hour. After the last runner jumped on board, we steamed slowly between the long wooden piers out into the Firth, and I took a look back at the point from which, sixty-five years before, my grandfather waved farewell to my father, then a very young midshipman, starting for India on his first voyage. We soon left in our wake the martello tower erected in war-times to protect the town, and Inchkeith,† once used as a place of exile for those stricken with plague. In the reign of James IV. two infants, under the care of a dumb woman, had this strange home assigned them: thus isolated, it was hoped their mode of speech would discover to the men of letters of that day the origin of language or the

* Appendix. Notes B and C.

† Appendix. Note D.

original language. It is reported that when the infants were of age, they spoke good Hebrew.

We have a blue sky and sunshine overhead, and the peaceful sea reflects alike the ethereal blue and the solar brightness. Does the holiday tourist, who sails so sweetly over the gentle waves, imagine that our proud Firth is always tame?—always reflecting sunshine and blue sky?—always lulling to slumber or enchanting with faëry pictures of pearly hues those who pay her court?—ever seeking the homage of fine-weather land-lubber seamen? I have gazed for hours—ay, days—on her in her sweet slumberings, in her Sabbaths, in her

INCHKEITH.

meditative moods, and when the freshening throbbings of her life were exquisitely hushed and tender; but I have also seen her roused, and in mad fury come with her million of foam-crested billows, and charge with the noise of thunder the shore she is wont to lave so calmly. Those whose windows overlook her bed know well how the spirit of the storm inspires her; and sometimes, too, she nurses in her bosom the spirit of the tempest, and is heedless alike of the infant's cry and the mother's tears: she heeds not the promise her stillness and her beauty gave to the trustful fishermen at sundown, as they spread their sails and were wafted eastwards. In the darkness of such a midnight the wind wails mournfully, and sends an icy chill through the hearts of the awe-stricken toilers of the deep, and each surging thud on the doomed boat sounds as a knell of woe. Death is there!—'mid the seething waters, the

moaning and the sighing of the winds—the straining, the filling, and the sinking of the bark, and the clinging, the praying, and the anguish of the fated men —he calmly claims his own:

> "All heavily rolled the surges, and swept o'er the fated ship,
> While bosoms grew cold and si'ent, and mute was each pallid lip;
> *One* cry of despair and anguish rose high o'er the roaring wave,
> Then all was quenched by the ocean, and hid in a yawning grave,
> Only *one* wail. Ah! God heard it, then all was over and still,
> And the sea and the breezes thundered: it was the Almighty's will."
>
> —JESSIE M. SAXBY.

The "Lord Mar" paddled her way westward right merrily, leaving in her wake a trail of cream-toned foam, while to the right and left of us we had a variety of coast views and bits of seascape, enlivened with busy shipping. Newhaven again attracted the eye, and brought to mind "child pictures" of rare beauty, and many glimpses of the home-life of that hardy race; the place and the people is as an unworked quarry of subjects for the brush, guided by an appreciating eye and a poetic soul, from which only a few surface chippings and one or two larger lumps have as yet been taken. I scanned anew our old crouching lion (Arthur's Seat), and the Calton Hill with its monumental deckings. The castle graced well its queenly throne of time-stained rock; and as the eye wandered over fair Edina, my mind revelled in associations soul-stirring and sacred.

Granton passed, we had a peep at Cramond, a humble seaboard village, divided from the richly wooded grounds of Dalmeny by the Almond, a stream whose course abounds in features of a picturesque character: steep banks, a rocky bed, rich tracery of woods and weeds, old mills, weather-tinted bridges of antique build, rustic cottages, and still, still pools. In winter or summer this stream-scooped glen merits a visit. A good wetting and a thorough mud-bespattering is not too high a price to pay for a treat so refreshing; though an English artist whom I led hither on a December day, when the frost of the morning gave place to showers of rain and sleet, was so fully alive to the discomforts by the way as to lose heart, and altogether failed to appreciate the varied and beautiful scenes we passed; however, he had the satisfaction of administering to me a pithy scolding on our way home for my ignorance regarding the characteristics of such trees as the "the *h*oaks, the *h*ashes, and the *h*elms." I attended the parish church of Cramond one Sabbath many years ago, when Queen Victoria and her royal consort, the late Prince Albert, came

to worship there, and have a vivid recollection of the peaceful joy in their faces that seemed to echo back the gladness of the sun's rays, which lighted on them as they sat in the front gallery of the quaint kirk, and I doubt not that Sabbath will remain a red letter day in the memories of the homely farmers and the villagers of that country-side.

While we sailed up the Firth, I lived over again many hours and days pleasantly rambled away on shore in bygone seasons, while my fellow-passengers were either conversing or listening to Jacobite airs and songs of "Scotland's hills," and "Scotland's vales," and "Scotland's bonny lassies," sung with emphatic expression by our *compagnon de voyage*, a fiddler not unlike Neil Gow,* the famed violinist and composer, as we know him from his portrait painted by Sir Henry Raeburn.

To make up for so many digressions, permit my pen to jump at one leap from Cramond to Bo'ness (Borrowstowness). There a large flat-bottomed boat waited on the passing call of our ship. Bo'ness looked so invitingly old-fashioned, that I was drawn to it, and jumped into the shore-bound boat in company with a grey-clad baker returning from a pie-selling expedition with a pie-box of prodigious size. One of our boatmen was "jolly fou," and turned a ridiculous backward somersault as he was preparing to handle an oar. The square, amply turretted, and many quaint-windowed town house, with its exalted clock-tower, kept guard over the harbour, whose stony arms sheltered a number of ships of various nationalities. Railway goods trucks lined the piers; many canvas-covered stalls, for the sale of sweeties, gingerbread, fruits, and toys; a height-and-weight stand, a strength-testing apparatus, a shooting range, and like attractions gave a fair-day look to the town: little children wandered from stall to stall, all eyes and ears, but trade was very flat. It was the last of the annual

SWEETIE STALL.

* Appendix. Note E.

three days of holiday, and in the morning excursion boats sailed with the majority of the Borrowstownessians to Leith, that they might spend the day feeding the Edinburgh lions. I was glad to see a house of ancient build, with lettered on its upper flat—TEMPERANCE HOTEL. The accommodation was limited, but as I was the only patron that day, it proved sufficient—though I was warned, "If two gents come the way—and we're half expecting them by the evening train—ye'll need to seek a bed somewhere else." In this homely home I might in a short time have graduated as a well-primed temperance lecturer, there was so much of the literature of that school on the side-table; and the public well, on which the front window looked out, spoke volumes on Mr. J. B. Gough's favourite text—"*Water is best:*" the "Herald of Health" advises—

"Use the plainest food,
Drink the pure cold water;
You will then keep well,
Or, at least, *you oughter.*"

The Bo'ness well-water was in great demand; women brought stoups, children pitchers and jugs, well-tanned lads came from their ships with strong pails of Dutchland make. We have a saying in Scotland, the last verse of which has done not a little to drive many housewives to the washing-tubs early in the week: it affirms that,

"They that wash on Friday,
Ha'e gey meikle need;
They that wash on Saturday,
Are dirty daws indeed."

Might not a similar rhyme be helpful to insure a regular supply of water in some homes? I believe a pretty accurate estimate of a people could be gained from noticing their comings and goings at the well, and jottings in pen and pencil noted there would be something unique in portraiture. Sir David Wilkie used every such opportunity in his earnest study of human nature; the famed caricaturist "Geekie" was still more bold, and had often to fly from his enraged and unwilling patients; and at least one of his most telling sketches was taken from a stair-window, as the wrathful subject waited outside to prevent his escape and to give him a good thrashing.

The main street had many windings, and ups and downs. It had evidently been built without a plan, each builder seeking a good foundation and the otherwise most convenient spot for his own particular interests. Some of the

shops were meagrely lighted: one had for illumination the faint rays of a farthing candle.

At sundown the steamers brought back the excursionists: their wives, mothers, and little ones waited them on the piers and greeted them with cheers. The musical band led the procession to the town house, opposite which they stood, played the National Anthem, and separated. A man came to me with a mournful tale: his wife had locked him out of his very own house and home all Friday night for getting "fou," and he was left to lie on the cold stones outside; this night he eagerly courted a like fate by drinking all he could beg or borrow.

The shops closed, the fair merchants dismantled their stalls, the "Barley Bree" songs were silenced in the inn when Forbes Mackenzie's dread hour of eleven struck, and soon a midnight stillness reigned, and in Blanket Bay I slept cozily and soundly.

EXCURSIONISTS RETURNING.

WILD ROSE.

CHAPTER II.

"With silent awe I hail the sacred morn,
That slowly wakes while all the fields are still;
A soothing calm on every breeze is borne,
A graver murmur gurgles from the rill,
And echo answers softer from the hill,
And softer sings the linnet from the thorn;
The skylark warbles in a tone less shrill.

"Hail, light serene! hail, sacred Sabbath morn!
The rooks float silently in airy droves;
The sun a placid yellow lustre throws;
The gales, that lately sighed along the groves,
Have hushed their downy wings in dead repose;
The hovering rack of clouds forgets to move;—
So smiled the day when the first morn arose."

—LEYDEN.

AND so smiled the day when, after a refreshing sleep, I arose and looked out on the town that yesterday held holiday. A Sabbath stillness and a Sabbath sun alike attuned my heart to praise the Giver of countless blessings. My landlord told me he was in the habit of walking to Linlithgow to worship—a distance of fully four miles—and had done so with those members of his family able for this exercise for about twenty years. He was an elder of a Congregational church there: that body have no place of meeting in Bo'ness, even in Linlithgow it is but weak, and he esteemed it right to keep to the cause while the cause held together. There was a good ring about the man, and he cordially agreed to let me accompany him.

The sun's rays were meltingly strong, and I was grateful to have a share of my friend's umbrella (Goliath might have made an unseemly sensation, had I taken *him* out for a Sabbath airing) to ward them off. We had communion

ROAD SCENE.

one with another by the way, walking slowly, and now and again we halted to drink in a breath of fresh air, and to admire as much of the shores of Forth and its calm waters as the misty veil chose to reveal: the nearer land was beauteously decked with the fresh tints of fields fast ripening, and the varied emerald tones of the green or root crops; the grasses by the roadside and the wayside wild flowers were in their midsummer glory.

"And with childlike, credulous affection,
We beheld their tender buds expand,
Emblems of our own great resurrection—
Emblems of the bright and better land."

The hedges were in full leafage, the trees clothed with luxurious verdure: now and again we passed collier villages, which consisted of long rows of one-

storied houses built *en masse*, and quite devoid of beauty. The older villages were roofed with tile, those of more recent date with slate, and not far distant we could see the stalks and above-ground works connected with the mines.

On reaching the small chapel, I found those who were gathered few in number, but they seemed to know the joy of living and loving as brethren. The preacher, with his silver locks and well-knit figure, might have made a good Covenanter. He spoke with emphasis, as from a firm conviction that it was truth, tried and precious truth, he uttered. Many years of his ministerial life were spent in a lonesome part of the main isle of the Shetland group, and now at eventide he tended an attached though "little flock." After the sermon, the cup was taken and bread broken, and I was welcomed to a place at the sacred table, where we partook of the symbols of our Saviour's broken body and shed blood. There was an interval after this service and before the second sermon, and in the vestry we had a repast of wine biscuits, clear spring-water, and the sweetest of new milk.

My friend took me for a short stroll by the ruins of Linlithgow Palace, and as we sat on the grass, having lungs and mind alike refreshed and renewed, we looked over the far-stretching landscape of hill and mead and wood, and down upon the rippling ever-changeful lake. We lay near the deep shades that were cast on the sloping hill by the massive age-marked walls of the royal pile. Reeds grew on the margin and waved gracefully before the zephyr breeze. Willows that bent their pliant boughs over the water, spoke to us of sad scenes enacted in more troublous times, and swans glided to and fro with royal dignity and elegance of motion. I am told two rival families of them have sway on the lake, each holding tenaciously to and fighting desperately for his fishing-ground and seat of empire. Woe to the poor swan who, unprotected by his fellows, is unguarded enough to cross the border!

A smart walk home, a tea-dinner, a few hours in company with congenial book companions, a little restful prayerful musing, and the day had closed.

"Is there a time when moments flow
More lovelily than all beside?
It is, of all the times below,
A Sabbath eve in summer-tide.

Yet will there dawn at last a day,
A *sun* that never sets shall rise;
Night will not veil the ceaseless ray,—
The heavenly Sabbath never dies!"

—EDMISTON.

With Monday morning I resumed care of my knapsack, and had quite a race to catch the boat that left the pier-head for the steamer. On board the "Lord Mar" again, we were soon cutting our way westward and Stirling-ward, where there lay, still under the mist-clouds, the lovely Vale of Forth and the mountains that enshrine it; a fresh thrill of life came on the sea-borne breeze, and gave hope that all would be enjoyed to the full. Reader, do you know the exhilarating influence of such an air-bath?—at the time when the ocean has exchanged the restless heavings of a troubled sleep for the joyous throbbings of sunlit life; when the shore and far-stretching land has thrown from all its vales and hills and deep ravines the sable night-cloak, and glancing upwards, smiles beneath moist wreaths of snowy white? Surely, it is a joy to breathe, as the sea-breeze woos the mountain land and ten thousand wavelets kiss the shore; when, too, the hills shed dazzling joy-tears, and send them seaward by runlet, stream, and flowing river, till their lives are blended into one life of perfect harmony and mutual ministration! It is truly delicious in a midsummer morning to be on board a yacht, cruising among our western or northern isles. The air searches through your tweeds, and seems, as it showers over you the truest elixir of health, to say, "*A glad good morning!*" to every pore of your body. Dr. Benjamin Franklin had great faith in air as a tonic, and prescribes an *air-bath*,* which I give in my Appendix; he believes himself to have received benefit from adopting it. I know of a talented minister of the Established Church, lately located in Shetland, who believed in *open*-air baths; he roamed at large in his birthday costume on the grassy tops of the cliffs that girded his parish, to the great bewilderment of his new parishioners.

We passed on our right Culross—of old a place of monastic power, but also famed for "girdles." Its people long enjoyed the exclusive right of making iron girdles for firing scones and oaten cakes in the days when home-baked bread was the food of the country. On the left we saw Grangemouth—a port busy with the transhipment of goods from sailing and steamships to the transport barges of the Forth and Clyde Canal. After leaving Kincardine on the north shore, we were soon alongside of Alloa landing-stage or wharf—not the place whose name sounds so similarly of which Burns speaks in "Tam O'Shanter":

"She prophesied that, late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drowned in Doon,
Or catched wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk,"—

* Appendix. Note F.

but the Alloa of yarn and ale repute. Would that the ale was as tame as the yarn, as full of comfort and as free from vice; that it carried fewer of the heart-aches, headaches, empty stomachs, and other sadder ills in its wake! Much of the yarn makes snug homes, laughing wives, and rosy bairns—much of the ale leaves "drunkards' wains," a dark present and a still darker future.

At Alloa we changed many of our passengers and much of our cargo. The sail up the river brought to the eye new landscape objects: outspreading trees, tall reeds, and rank weeds; fields, haystacks, and farm homesteads. The grass

DUMYAT.

looked its greenest and had a fresh sheen of sunlight sparkling on its sunward side; sapling willows waved and bended and shook playfully their leaves over the running water; the Ochil range raised its mountain wall, and Dumyat seemed a stern king, despite the glowing sunlight that coursed over his rugged features, as it chased and counterchased the deep cloud-shades; but though stern, he is paternal, and shields the plain from many an adverse blast, and also nurtures by pulling to him the big rain-clouds, and scattering their liquid treasure on his own bare head, and on all within the bounds of his protectorate. Every winding of Forth opened out new combinations of river-course, and tree, and wooded hill. We had many fine peeps of Abbey Craig and Stirling Castle,

and a few minutes before landing, we sailed close to the ruins of the ancient abbey of Cambuskenneth, founded by David I. in 1147. Robert Ferguson, one of our native poets of true genius—of whose gifts and short sad life Burns* writes—has written sweetly of Forth in his ode, "The Rivers of Scotland":

"O'er Scotia's parched land the Naiads flew,
From towering hills explored her sheltered vales,
Caused Forth in wild meanders please the view,
And lift her waters to the zephyr's gales.
Where the glad swain surveys his fertile fields,
And reaps the plenty which his harvest yields—

Here did these lovely nymphs, unseen,
Oft wander by the river's side,
And oft unbind their tresses green,
To bathe them in the fluid tide.
Then to the shady grottoes would retire,
And sweetly echo to the warbling choir;—

Or to the rushing waters tune their shells,
To call up Echo from the woods,
Or from the rocks or crystal floods,
Or from surrounding banks, or hills, or dells."

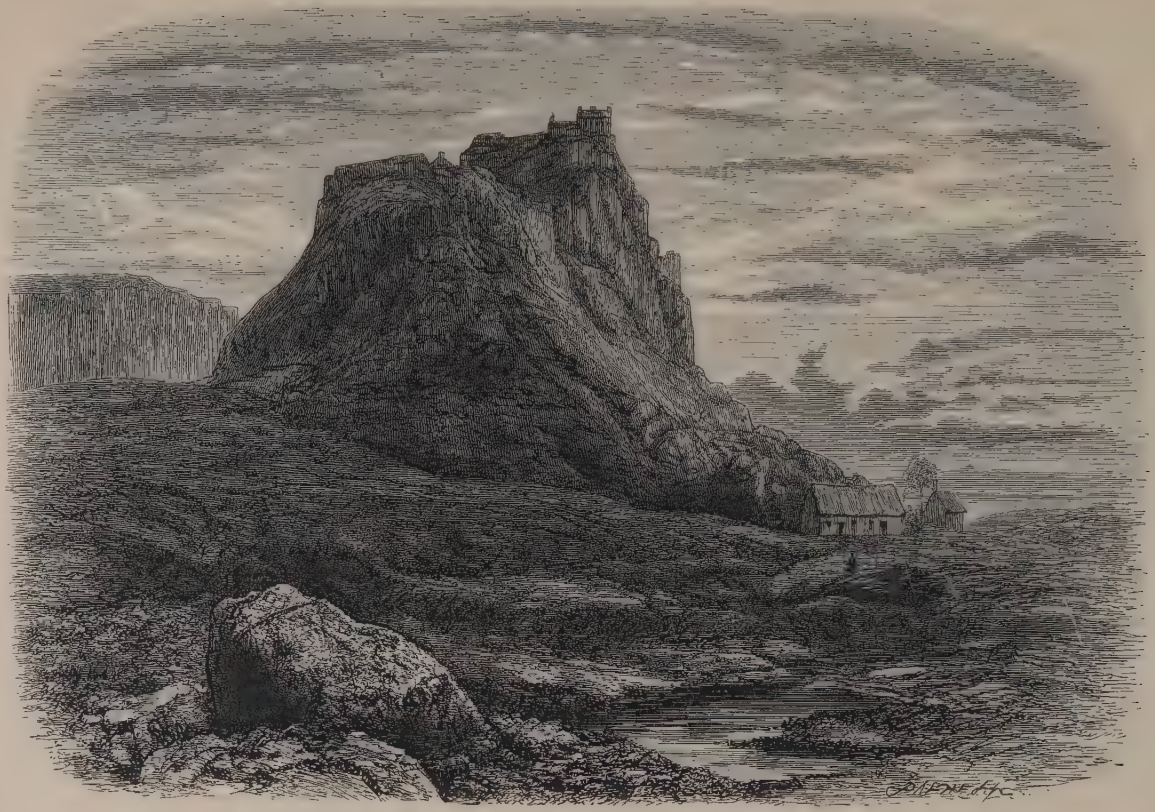
Not being altogether a stranger to Stirling, I lost no time seeking a home, but made direct for the hotel where I was wont to stay; and, fortified by a lunch, I took the road that leads to Causeway Head, to renew acquaintance with my old familiar friend, Abbey Craig, now doubly endeared through having on its summit a massive stone and lime memorial of Sir William Wallace.

THE RIVER FORTH.

I must not venture to speak now of that hero, lest I be carried away by my theme; and though we are rather fond in Scotland of being called by our maiden patronymic, we are right well pleased with the late years of our married life, and have reason for thankfulness that as God made our island one home, we are likewise one people, with our hearts and our honour alike one. Yet I have deemed it of interest to place in my Appendix a rough harsh daub† of

* Appendix. Note G.

† Appendix. Note H.



STIRLING CASTLE, FROM RAPLOCH.

Sir William by no friendly pen, and an exquisitely finished delineation of the whole man,* in which if our hero had a wart, like the great Oliver Cromwell, the same is carefully kept out of the picture, or the face turned in a direction that would hide its unseemliness. I got into a field near to the railway embankment and overlooking one of the windings of Forth, and there sketched the Craig, the monument, the meadow-land, the river, and the trees that overhang part of its banks. Very many juvenile excursionists crowded the road between Stirling and Causeway Head. Abbey Craig is easy of ascent, and I enjoyed again the view from that vantage-point, being enabled by the winding steps that lead to the top of the monument to rise fully two hundred feet higher than on my last visit. The fertile Vale of Forth lay at our feet, bearing on its beauteous plain well-watered fields, rich with wheat, oats, barley, meadow-grass, beans, and green crops. The farm homesteads were comfortable and well stored; hinds' houses came in pleasantly among the hedgerows. The strangely tortuous windings of Forth reflected the light of the sky as the sun darted stray beams through fast-gathering clouds. At the foot of a richly wooded hill nestles Bridge of Allan, composed of two elongated clusters of handsome villas; beyond was more wooded country, and farther still hill and mountain-top fade into the clouds. Looking towards Dumyat, under the shadow of that outpost of the Ochil range, is the charming estate of Airthrey, its semicircular castle, finely arranged woods, and its winding lake, which when the ice bears has been the scene of well-fought curling matches and pleasant skating rounds. Glad day for the Loggie schoolboy

ABBEY CRAIG.

* Appendix. Note I.

when he is told "Airthrey Pond is bearing; the grounds are open, a match is to be played;" and "Boys, you can go and spend the day on the ice!" The sliding and snowballing is all the sweeter that he is invited to a share of the reeking hot potatoes and beef served to the gentry on the ice to keep hunger away.

The eastward view is also of interest, but I turn my eyes to the few cottage homes that compose the village of Causeway Head, and single out the one on the brae-head where I was boarded for three months when twelve years old. Will my reader bear with me while I recall a few impressions of those days? I will give them simply as they come, without adornment or arrangement.

A cottage home fronting the road that leads along the base of the Ochils, whose back windows looked into a garden of apple-trees, berry-bushes, flowers and vegetables, out over a few thatched roofs; a well, where I am told I was nearly drowned for misdemeanour by an angry nurse when I was an infant in arms; over the village smithy and the inn, and beyond the fields, and tree rows, and hedges of a section of Fortha's Vale to the castle-crowned rock of Stirling, and its ancient town climbing up like a beleaguering army the slope of the hill. A kind-hearted mother with a braid Scotch Lowland tongue; a hard-working strong-minded daughter; a studious son of independent spirit; a father ageing and failing in strength. He had charge of Abbey Craig, lopped the hedges, pruned the treelets, repaired the walks and the stone dykes, and kept a sharp look-out for poachers: he was generally seen with his hedge-lopping weapon; it somewhat resembled a bayonet mounted on a stout stick. If the lads and old folks that came over Gillies' Hill at the critical time in the Battle of Bannockburn were armed after the same fashion, Edward's force might with some reason have feared them.

I was sent to Loggie School with the young villagers, and soon made good progress in the art of smoking *backy* out of a *cutty pipe*. Our teacher was a genial man: before an inspector's visit we were taught to bawl loud out. We worked now and again in his garden in the play-hour, and were rewarded with presents of fruit; he also, to stimulate us in our arithmetic studies, gave apple prizes: a good share fell to my lot, and this brought me many threatening messages scribbled on odd slips of paper from the older lads, warning me if I would not pay *black mail*, all would be taken from me when the school *scaled*. This led me to the defensive measure of sharing the spoil with my own particular friends inside school. Every Sabbath morning found me lying on the top of Abbey Craig, gazing admiringly seaward, towards Stirling, or away

to the mountain and lake land of the west. I loved alike the grey and the sunny morn. Would that from those dreamy days of boyhood I had increasingly paid court to our native landscape, and sought to have my soul drink deeper of its heaven-born charms!

An hour before noon the old folks took me to the auld kirk of Loggie, away in a shady lane, near to the ivy-tangled ruins of a very ancient place of worship. I cannot tell you one word of any of the sermons I then heard; but, despite the twenty-one years that intervene between this and then, I could give evidence before a law court that the minister was a good-natured comfortable-looking man, and had a beautiful daughter, with rosy cheeks and sunny smile. How is this latter imprinted so firmly? Was it a passion kindred to that which drew me to Abbey Craig, or the dawnings of emotions still more tender? In the absence of any definite evidence, it may be allowable to assume that the former is the correct solution, and that artists have a special licence to admire beauty. A certain other recollection is retained with considerable vividness: big girls used to chase small boys, and sometimes succeed in catching them, and then subject them to a good many rounds of hearty kisses. Does this page meet the eye of any who mourn having been guilty in girlish days of such sad persecution of little boys? Look not so seriously at the matter: to the lads the retrospect will not be a very sad one; and some of the young rascals are so very artful as to say, and even struggle, "no," when they would rather "yes."

A walk home in the gloamin' by a path that crossed the Forth at a ford having a line of bulky stepping-stones leading between the banks, a talk with hotel companions, and a restful slumber, blend into the link that joins the looking from the top of Abbey Craig and Tuesday morning's walk.

Those who wish to know about Bannockburn, the royal occupations of Stirling Castle, and many deeply interesting historical incidents wherewith it is associated, I commend to consult Black's "Picturesque Guide to Scotland"—the pedestrian's copy is most convenient. The park, whither I chanced to stray, was enlivened by a regiment of Highland soldiers, dressed in tartan trousers and white jackets, and we were cheered with the inspiriting strains of the bagpipes, played right royally by stalwart lads in *braw claes* (handsomely dressed); they had kilt and ample plaid, and long streamers of ribbon flowing from the pipes. The green stone trap of the rock cliff whereon the castle is built, the hill-side, large boulders, clinging ivy, and full-leafed trees were fresh in colour; for a drizzling rain, which had lasted all morning, was just clearing away. A stroll

by the braes brought me to a steep ridge of earth, and, scrambling down the ridge, was rewarded not only by scratchings of bramble-thorn, but by the seeing of posies of wild flowers in places where no artist could have placed them with equal effect. We had a profusion of heather-bell and the common hip rose, and many tiny plants I know well by sight, though not by name.

At the brae-foot was the little village of Raploch, which boasted an inn, but, like too many of our wayside inns, its whole trade was in the sale of drinks; and the writer, though a *bonâ fide* traveller, could not persuade the hostess even to make a cup of tea. But a humble cottage having in the window a few groceries, and a ticket with "Ginger-beer Sold" on it, proved a place of refreshment; and while the cheerful housewife made ready a meal, I got a spot from which to sketch "Stirling Castle from the Raploch." In the cottage, with little Teenie, a dear wee lassie, looking very hard at me, who fain would speak and come to me, but was too bashful, as most of the Scotch bairns are, and the goodwife busy with her seam, the cup of tea, home-baked bread, and country cheese, all nicely set out, proved a pleasing repast. She would not be persuaded to take more than sixpence as payment. On parting, her attention was directed to a little yellow flower in my hand; and her interest was very manifest in her brightening expression, when I told her I had often admired this same little flower among the Shetland moors: she was a Shetlander. Her firm refusal to receive more than she esteemed a just charge brought back to mind the words of a daughter of Thule, as she commended to me a boatman to ferry me over from Bressay to the Isle of Noss —"He 's a Shetlander, and nane o' thae Scotch bodies." It is refreshing in days when gain seems to rank so high in the estimation of the multitude to meet with those who have a noble spirit, and who only prize the earnings that come into the pocket with the full approval of conscience. I believe the poor-tax has had a most baneful influence in sucking out of many in our country

TEENIE.

the independence of nature we are wont to esteem our birthright, and shutting the hearts of givers into the cold hard groove of a miserable statute allowance.

After a climb up the sloping tree-shaded side of the castle hill, the cemetery was reached, and prominent among memorials of the dead were statues of John Knox, Alexander Henderson, and Andrew Melville, the Reformers, and of the martyr, James Renwick; also a very lovely piece of sculpture in marble in memory of the "Virgin Martyrs," one of whom departed to be with Jesus, as the tide of Solway sped her heavenward flight. The statue is in memory of Margaret Wilson: it shows herself, a maiden of eighteen years, and her little sister, thirteen years of age (and alike condemned, but whose life was purchased by the father, for one hundred pounds sterling, his all), reading the Word of God. A little lamb is lying at their feet, and an angel with a flower in hand bends over them as if just about to deliver a message. These girls were guilty of going to hear the Word of God preached; and the aged woman, Margaret Maclauchlin—martyred along with Margaret Wilson—had been caught in the act of worshipping God with her family.

Old Andrew, the keeper of the grounds, was true to his charge, and noted eagerly the movements of three young men who had just inquired of a passer-by concerning the paths.

"Three prigs," spurted out Andrew, handing me his snuff-box by way of introduction. "I ken them! I was watching them: fine they ken a' the roads. I ken folk what kin they are wi' watchin' them. I 'm the seacond auldest man in Stirlin', an' as supple as ony; I could rin wi' the supplest o' the young anes. I 'm aichty-seeven 'ears," winking and tossing his head knowingly at intervals. "I 've been saxty 'ears in Stirlin'."

I opened my note-book and pointed to a jotting I had taken of a tombstone, with the following inscription:

1809.
ALEX$^{R.}$ E. MEFFEN,
CHIEF CONSTABLE, STIRLINGSHIRE.

OUR . LIFE . IS . BUT . A . WINTER . DAY .
SOME . ONLY . BREAKFAST . AND . AWAY .
OTHERS . TO . DINNER . STAY .
AND . ARE . FULL . FED :
THE . OLDEST . MAN . BUT . SUPS :
AND . GOES . TO . BED :
LARGE . IS . HIS . DEPT :
THAT . LINGERS . OUT . THE . DAY .
HE . THAT . GOES . SOONEST
HAS . THE . LEAST . TO . PAY :

He was very wroth.

"Meffen? No! Miller's the name. The stane was selt by 'e Kirk Session. Meffen bocht it, scrappet oot Miller, and putt his ain name on."

And from the testimony of the stone itself, it was evident a part of it had been lowered to get rid of some previous cuttings.

Lines very similar to the above, one century earlier in date, are in Croyland Church, where it is stated—

BENEATH THIS PLACE IN 6 FOOT IN LENGTH AGAINST Y^E CLARKS PEW
LYETH THE BODY OF
M R. A B M. B A B Y.
ALSO Y^E BODY OF MARY HIS WID.
SHE DYED Y^E 21ST MAY, 1705.
ALSO 2 CHILDREN OF Y^E SAID ABM. AND MARY, WHICH DYED IN THEIR ENFANTRY.

Man's life is like untoe a winter's daye,
Some brake their faste and so depart a
Others sta dinner—then depart full fed.
The longest age but supps and goes to bed.
O reader, then behold and see
As we are now so must ye be.
1706.

Miller *versus* Meffen disposed of, Andrew changed his theme.

"I 'm a wonderfu' man! I ken what naither Wabster, Jamieson, or Johnson ken. I ken words wi' a' their lear they ha nae in their dictioners;" and he gave me many words I could make little of.

A mysterious-looking man with careworn face, long black hair, and clothes that had seen much service, came up to Andrew to read to him his latest poems, "Departed Royal Grandeur of Stirling," and "The Misfortunes of a Tramp, who sought board and lodging, his only wealth a one-shilling piece."

After shaking hands with old Andrew, a smart walk by the venerable church of Gray Friars, down the steep streets of this town, busy with militiamen and their friends, brought the day's ramble to a close. The next found me at ten in the morning on the top of the Bridge of Allan tramway car, my destination Callander. The walk between Bridge of Allan and Doune was filled with pleasure nourished by bright sunshine, balmy air, and healthful exercise. The shelter of the oak-trees was grateful, and by the roadside the wild flowers and the ferns and grasses looked their loveliest, and revelled in the sunny beams and the balmy breeze that wafted their fragrance over the fields; by the hedges were many sweet-smelling bushes of the briar rose and the common hip rose, some white, some exquisitely shaded with pink: out in the open air in the

BRAES OF DOUNE.

sunshine, relieved against the green of its own branches, this wild hip rose has few equals for beauty of colour. Near to Doune, not far from a fine avenue of beech-trees, among the roadside grasses, lay a family group, the father black with soot, the mother and three very young children huddled close beside her: these were sleeping; other three children were wide awake, and came to ask a penny from me to buy some bread. I pointed to two large white scones lying on the ground.

SWEEP'S WAINS.

"We darna touch them till faither waakens," I was told; and so they gained their point.

He was a travelling sweep, and most likely had done a good morning's work at one of the farms near by. A quarter of an hour after, as I looked out of the parlour of an inn, I saw my young friends mixing an effervescing drink, and dividing to each a share at the public well, and got the accompanying jotting of them while the youngest hopeful was with all his little strength trying to work the pump-handle.

While sketching Doune Castle, other children bore me company; a pair of very little ones made themselves quite at home, and while the pencil was busy with the noble ruin, the wee bodies prattled, and I had to answer a great many questions. A lot of bigger girls came on the scene, and were most eager to be sketched, and had any number of tales to tell of artists who had painted Doune girls, and "selt them for a great heap o' money:" one bright-eyed lass, Ellen Lamb, sat on steadily; I took a little sketch of her — the others were very full of nonsense. The sun was shining, and brightened the time-stained walls a little: now and again a woman came out of a tasteful modern cottage, gay with flowers and creepers, and having cottage windows, with the castle keys to show visitors the interior of the castle. The view of Doune Castle most generally chosen for pictorial representation is that which displays to the

greatest advantage its commanding and graceful position on the left bank of the Teith, at the influx of Ardoch Water. It is a massive pile, square, with walls ten feet in thickness, and a tower at the north-east corner eighty feet

ELLEN LAMB.

high, and under this ancient stronghold are dreary dungeons of the most dismal character.

Sufficiently tired to enjoy a rest, I inquired as to the whereabouts of the railway station, and the first train carried me speedily to Callander, in company with some young men whose exteriors were got up, regardless of expense, in full Highland costume, while their heads were dizzy and their conversation foolish through too thorough a priming with a spirit of artificial distillation. Their fine-bred dogs merited the highest commendation for gentlemanly bearing, and I doubt not their masters, away from the drink, would be agreeable company. At Callander there is accommodation for the many: there are the famed "Dreadnought" and "McGregor's" Hotels, and almost every house in the village has apartments for lodgers. After a tea-dinner I left the village, and took a path that would have led me to Bracklinn Falls had I not become so enamoured of and absorbed with bits of hill-side under the mellowing twilight, that I had wandered very far up the path by the mountain-side, into the glen, before I remembered to look for the little side-path that leads into the hollow where that famed fall has its rocky bower. There were few to disturb the seclusion of this glen,—only a shepherd lad and his collie, a matron and

DOUNE CASTLE.

her two children, and a middle-aged couple who trod the ground as if each step were sacred to them: mayhap in childhood they had wandered over these same braes together, pulling the heather-bell and chasing the butterflies. The scene was replete with associations, and it was no hard task to people anew each knoll with men of mighty prowess, and revel in the creations of Ossian. The sketch, "Braes of Doune, near Callander," gives but a faint idea of the scene. Let imagination intensify it a thousandfold if you would enter into full sympathy with those who inhabit its few lonesome hamlets during the winter snows and the autumn floods, now and again listening to the fierceness of the howling storm, and looking out with waesome hearts on what seems a very chaos of utter desolation. I saw it in a placid mood; the slowly deepening shades fell sweetly over the scene, and every receding distance, every streamlet, and each rocky crag and patch of fern or heath, was a tributary runlet to the river of joyous emotions that gladdened me. Then there was the deep glade where the waters gathered from the mountain leagues of the mighty Benvoirlich and Uam-Var wend their way almost voiceless to Bracklinn, there, in among, and over the rocks, to leap wild leaps and speak in weirdest tones. Turning home-

wards, away from the darkening shades and veiling mists that mantled the inner reaches of the glen, we had a view of Venachar, a lake of silver sheen set amid purply hills circling round in sweet accord, with gentle flow of line and melting shades, as distance into distance blended, while overhead the clouds of ever-darkening grey seemed sailing into night. The near hill-side was full of fresh colour, robed in a beauteous variety of heath and fern and lichen-tinted rock and moss and grass. And soon Callander's one street was the path trod, and, like tired nature, I too sought rest.

A breath of the morning air, inhaled by a rural leafy road to the east of the village, proved an excellent tonic, and was followed by a leisurely forenoon walk to the Trosachs. I could not leave Callander without stopping by the roadside to sketch in colour the old bridge that crosses the Forth, and when thus engaged I saw very many of the fair birds of passage who come to bask in the sunshine. The gay clothes some wore had almost made me add, "and gather honey all the day from every opening flower." Doubtless, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, they go back to the city healthier and happier. I saw several brethren of the brush: one had quite a large picture painting in the thoroughfare; it consisted principally of wild flowers, among which were a group of queen of the meadow and a fine cluster of bluebells amid a network of meadow vetching. The pedestrian is again constrained to linger when he reaches the bridge over the Lennie Water, and let the eye wander up the stream, among the ample leafage of the trees, and away upward among the shelving heights of Ben Ledi, called in Gaelic the "Hill of the Deity," where, we are told, that up to a late period the beltane mysteries were gone through. These heathen rites, connected with the worship of Bel or Baal, if often performed on such heights, would give our forefathers many a stiff climb and many a gorgeous view. Whether the hour of worship was day-dawn or eventide, curious would be the scene as the cattle and sheep were driven through the fire on the summit of Ben Ledi, to shield them from the trows and other mischievous spirits; and it is sad to contemplate that perhaps in the same spot, at a still earlier date, the favour of Sol may have been sought by human sacrifice.

The glen through which the Lennie and Loch Lubnaig flow merits a visit and may be traversed by rail. The Callander and Loch Katrine tourist coaches passed at full speed, leaving in their rear a cloud of finely-powdered dust: this dust rises from the road on very slight provocation, and soon converts him who

BEN LEDI AND LENNIE WATER.

is dressed in dark cloth into the semblance of a dusty miller. Young men sped their engine-like course, "doing the Trosachs." They were too busy to admire the scenery, intent on one object—the accomplishment of a certain mileage within a given time. Others were picnicing by a rocky stream, where a few treelets gave them partial shelter from the sun's rays.

VENACHAR, FROM ABOVE CALLANDER.

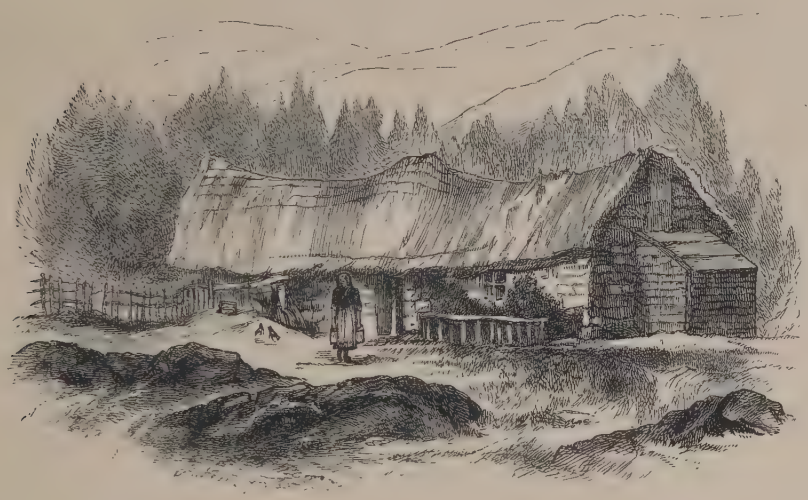
I hope my readers are fond of tramps, and like to listen to their stories, for I have that weakness largely developed. As I neared Venachar I met an old pedlar carrying two baskets: he had one hanging on each arm, and a ragman's sack over his right shoulder. His wares comprised buttons, pins, dolls, tapes, thread, rattles, whistles, and the like. He was mourning the degeneracy of nineteenth century ways, and thought it a very hard case that himself had not been invited to mount the mail coach that had just galloped past him. His last had been a fortunate night in regard to housing, though he had to walk four miles in search thereof, for a bed of new hay had been spread for him by two kind-hearted lassies. He said—and I suppose it was literally true—"I was in *clover* last night." He seldom fared so well; as, for instance, when visiting Callander two nights before, his utmost eloquence could not persuade

any one within three miles of that place to give him a corner to lie down in: this caused him to wander farther, seeking a resting-place. The first night he lay outside in a farm-yard, burying himself as well as he could in a haystack; the second he spent in a barn with *rottens* (rats), and it proved a night of fighting: he believes that but for his stick he would have fared badly; as it was, the noiseless thieves (the rottens) ate through his strong hempen store-bag, and considerably reduced the bulk of his larder. The farmer got no blessing for grudging the ratcatcher his fee.

This pedlar hailed from Cellardykes in Fife; spends the winter months in the big cities, and in the spring season begins his annual Highland tour, travelling over the same ground year after year, knowing every farm and cottage, and the door where there was a likelihood of his transacting a little business. He echoed forth the complaints that had run through the land many days in regard to dull trade, and now circumstances were further against him, for the cottagers were all out in the fields busy with haymaking, and he found it difficult to come to terms with the faithful collie dogs often left in charge of the homestead. Once upon a time he thought his life would be a more joyous one if he had a partner; so he came to terms with a man somewhat younger than himself, and agreed to share with him such bed and board as fell to his lot, on condition that his partner became burden-bearer; but this partner was thought to have acted most unreasonably in that, while the senior member of the firm had a gill of whiskey one cold day, the junior asked the publican to boil the kettle, that he might have tea at half-past eleven in the forenoon, instead of waiting an hour later, which was the regular breakfast-time with them. After this supposed flagrant misdemeanour on the part of the junior, the partnership was dissolved—I would fain hope, not to his loss.

From this picture of real life let us retrace our steps back to Coilantogle Ford, the scene to which, in the "Lady of the Lake," Sir Walter Scott describes Roderick Dhu as guiding James Fitz-James in safety, before the hand-to-hand conflict in which the former received his death-wound. The tourist who would enjoy aright these scenes should not be contented with the meagre quotations in the guide books, or only read in the poem the little bit referring to a particular scene, but drink in the whole poem; thus every spot will suggest associations that will greatly enliven the landscape, and often give him a key to understand the people. The walk part of the way was by Venachar-side, and shortly thereafter a rustic cottage was in sight: it is the subject of the

engraving, the "Bread-wife's Cottage, Brig o' Turk," known by this name in the district because the goodwife who lives in it sells bread. Her cottage is a very general place of call for gentlefolks and the common people. Any one coming home or going away spends some time with the breadwife. Walking tourists have a drink of milk there, and a seat, either out or inside, as they incline. All the countryside seem well acquainted with the shrewd Scotchwoman, who graces her arm-chair as well as any queen her throne. I was almost forgetting



DUNCRAGGAN HUT.

to mention that the cottage and the lady alike can boast a visit on one or more occasions from Royalty, when the Queen spent a season at Invertrosachs Lodge. Artists, too, visit here, and, if civil and she takes to them, they are permitted to sketch the cottage, on condition that herself be not painted. It is wonderfully compact, and the space is made the most of. The spare room forms a very small snuggery for one artist in the summer season, and is seldom without a tenant. The kitchen end is divided into two by a wooden partition: one part serves as kitchen, parlour, drawing-room, dining-room, smoking-room, and also the sleeping-place of the boatman, who for the last sixteen years has lodged there; the inner division I did not see into—it seemed very small, but

we may safely reckon it will have two box-beds in it, one for the old lady and the big blooming lass, maid-of-all-work, indoor and outdoor—good at making kale, baking scones, milking the kye, churning the butter, and kindred accomplishments—the other for any friend passing that way.

But it is time I hied me home to my own lodging at Duncraggan Huts, and also time to close this chapter; so adieu to the Bread-wife's Cottage meantime.

CALLANDER BRIDGE.

BREAD-WIFE'S COTTAGE, BRIG O' TURK.

LOCH KATRINE, LOOKING TOWARDS STRONACHLACHAR.

CHAPTER III.

A WALK TO LOCH KATRINE.

On Tuesday, July 25th, I rose at half-past five—and I am sorry to own this is rather an unusual proceeding on my part—and took a look-out over the landscape as seen from the window of the particular Duncraggan Hut where I was located. New-clipped sheep were coming over the distant hills, and in the grey of the morning they seemed of a snowy white; there had been a little frost during the night, "and would be more the year," my landlady added—meaning that we might look for it often after the first. The duck family were astir, flapping their wings and stretching their necks towards Ben Venue, as if wistful to learn from him what prospects of muddy pools they might entertain. There was a slight breeze stealing through the leafage and catching the surface of Achray. "Cock-a-leerie" let his voice be heard—"Cock-a-leerie-law!" echoed from the captain's farmyard; a third and a fourth repeated the call, then the first again, till the roll-call echoed far and near. If the calls were martial, not less so was the bearing of Cock-a-Leerie, Esq. the First, as he led forth from the fir woods a number of his wives: his look was fierce, his coat was gay, and his strut was princely. The cattle were out having a morning feed of grass; the shop of the district was luxurious through masses of rich colour—fine convolvulus flowers and a variety of rose blossoms. A bye-path by a small fir wood led to the Trosachs road, and Glen Finlas lay full in view, with the cottages

that skirt the hill-side at the opening of the glen. An old man, a pensioner, who was herding, gave me a very graphic description of his going, in his soldier days, from Edinburgh Castle to Holyrood Palace by the underground channel that is known to exist between the two places; he described the stench as very killing, and wondered he got out alive: the reward he got was ten shillings and sixpence. But the man was getting doitet, which caused me to take with a measure of reserve his account of the journey he describes.

The sun darted a few rays through the clouds; a little blue smoke curled upwards from the houses. The commonty, or pasture-ground common to all, was of a rough character, diversified by large granite boulders, juniper and brambleberry-bushes, bracken, and in the marshes green rashes. The little patches of cultivated ground bare a variety of crops—oats, hay, and potatoes; the roofing of the huts and houses comprised slate, tile, and different kinds and ages of thatch. The wind had a watery wail: telegraph-poles told that even this rural retreat is brought very nigh to the great centres of life. A plot of meadow was marvellous for variety of colour: the yellow vetching and an endless list of other wild flowers, amid beautiful grasses, gave some faint idea of what the prairie-land of Western British America is, where the wild flowers cover vast tracts of country, grow to a great height, and are extremely rich in colour. The humming of bees out honey-gathering was heard, and the barking of guardian sheep dogs and terriers as they chased from their respective territory the cattle which crossed the march; small birds were hopping and fluttering about—I saw one robin redbreast; a company of gentlemen's servants were out airing the horses; a few wild pigeons flew from place to place. The sun was again veiled, and left an all-over grey effect in the sky.

How peaceful was Glen Finlas as viewed from the stone bridge that spans the stream! A richly wooded knoll hid the sterner features of the rocky mountain-side, whose precipices walled its western bank; the near trees were in full leaf. The birds had waked to their melodious twittering; still pools reflected the oak-boughs; the stony bed was seen along the margin, and was lined by many a shrub and stalwart weed. The distant hills, like modest maids, refused to unveil their features, but they rather peered through the misty cloud-veil; and often, as you fondly expected to have one good look, the veil seemed only to grow denser, and to be folded more tightly around their moistened cheeks.

A gamekeeper emerged from the woods at the mouth of the glen, and bore

THE TROSACHS.

THE HILL ROAD, GLEN FINLAS.

me company till he reached his kennel at Loch Achray Lodge. On the brink of that lake we saw a duck giving three ducklings of tender years a swimming exercise. The road lay 'mid pleasing scenes: the heath was in the heyday of its bloom, and on entering the rocky defile known as the Trosachs, each step brought to the eye an ample feast—silver-toned rock masses, with veinings and marlings of various shades; precipices crowned with the crimson heather-bell, whose gorgeous clusters gave a festal look to those rock summits. In restful contrast to these gay colourings was the far-stretching generally-prevailing sheen of shy light on the leafage of the silver birch and the bracken.

Finer peeps of the Trosachs are gained by leaving the carriage road, and mounting the knolls so abundant there. You can only do so, however, by steering your way through a thicket of ferns nearly six feet high. The peeps among the silver birches are very refreshing: we marvel not that John Macwhirter finds in such a subject a congenial theme and poetic picture, with ample scope for patient earnest study. Tree-painting is a branch of art which, as a rule, the Scotch school is singularly defective in. Deep-toned velvety lichens

mark alike the rocky precipice, the moss-grown boulder, and the birchen stems. Rocks fallen from the heights were deep bedded in the soil; trees slain in the gales lay shrouded in shrouds of more gorgeous tinting than that of mortal man, who is buried deeper; there were dark recesses, where the sun seldom penetrates by a direct ray, and in those shades were posies of tender ferns, verdant tree-sproutings, and pale weak grass; delicate flowerets, rich-toned moss in darkest purple and brown setting; tall rushes growing in stagnant pools of water; heights of rock rising aloft, and tier above tier of trees—mass above mass, leafage, rock, and heather: through such a channel Katrine is reached.

How different is the road we tread so comfortably, compared with the deep morass and dense thicket, where the ferns so completely covered over the spaces between the rocks and treacherous holes, that the traveller was in constant danger of sharing the fate of James's gallant grey, when—

"Close on the hounds the hunter came,
To cheer them on the vanished game;
But, stumbling in the rugged dell,
The gallant horse exhausted fell.
The impatient rider strove in vain
To rouse him with the spur and rein—
For the good steed, his labours o'er,
Stretched his stiff limbs, to rise no more."

Sir Walter Scott gives us an exquisite word-picture of the approach to the lake at sunset:

"The western waves of ebbing day
Roll'd o'er the glen their level way;
Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Was bathed in floods of living fire;
But not a setting beam could glow
Within the dark ravines below,
Where twined the path, in shadow hid,
Round many a rocky pyramid,
Shooting abruptly from the dell
Its thunder-splintered pinnacle;
Round many an insulated mass
The native bulwarks of the pass.
* * * * * * * *
Nor were these mighty bulwarks bare,
Nor lacked they many a banner fair;
For, from their shiver'd brows display'd,
Far o'er the unfathomable glade,
All twinkling with the dewdrop's sheen,
The brier-rose fell in streamers green,
And creeping shrubs of thousand dyes
Waved in the west wind's summer sighs.

"Boon nature scatter'd free and wild,
Each plant or flower, the mountain's child.
Here eglantine embalm'd the air,
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there:
The primrose pale, and violet flower,
Found in each cliff a narrow bower;
Foxglove and nightshade, side by side—
Emblems of punishment and pride,
Group'd their dark hues with every stain
The weather-beaten crags retain.
With boughs that quaked at every breath,
Grey birch and aspen wept beneath;
Aloft, the ash and warrior oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock;
And, higher yet, the pine-tree hung
His shattered trunk, and frequent flung
Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high
His boughs athwart the narrowed sky.
Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,
Where glist'ning streamers waved and danced,

ELLEN'S ISLE.

The wanderer's eye could barely view
The summer heaven's delicious blue;
So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream.

"Onward, amid the copse 'gan peep
A narrow inlet, still and deep—
Affording scarce such breadth of brim
As served the wild duck's brood to swim
Lost for a space, through thickets veering,
But broader when again appearing;
Tall rocks and tufted knolls their face
Could on the dark-blue mirror trace;
And farther as the hunter stray'd,
Still broader sweep its channels made.
The shaggy mounds no longer stood,
Emerging from entangled wood,
But, wave-encircled, seemed to float,
Like castle girded with its moat;
Yet broader floods extending still
Divide them from their parent hill,
Till each, retiring, claims to be
An islet in an inland sea.

"And now, to issue from the glen,
No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,
Unless he climb with footing nice
A far-projecting precipice.
The broom's tough roots his ladder made,
The hazel saplings lent their aid;
And thus an airy point he won,
Where, gleaming with the setting sun,
One burnish'd sheet of living gold,
Loch Katrine lay beneath him roll'd;
In all her length far winding lay,
With promontory, creek, and bay;
And islands that, empurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light;
And mountains, that like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land.
High on the south huge Ben Venue
Down on the lake in masses threw
Crags, knolls and mounds, confusedly hurl'd,
The fragments of an earlier world;
A wildering forest feather'd o'er
His ruin'd sides and summit hoar;
While on the north, through middle air,
Ben An heaved high his forehead bare."

I must now lead my reader back to my own matter-of-fact jog-trot, and tell about the thatch-protected pier at the head of Katrine, from which passengers embark on board the steamer that sails to Stronachlachar, where also small boats

are hired for visiting Ellen's Isle, and other parts of the lake. The rocky walls glittered with tints from Nature's full palette of colour: a rich tracery of leafage filled the vales between the rugged knolls, and the water was so guarded from the winds, it reflected on its bosom each rock, each birchen bough, each tiny fern. A bridle-path skirts the northern shore, and leads by mountain streams, after the poet's fondest fancy and the painter's happiest dreams. Away by the lake margin—over towering heights, under the birchen boughs, under the oak shades—we revel in a repetition of such scenes, save that no two are alike, and the silver strand is reached. To "Let Glasgow flourish," the silver strand has been wellnigh submerged; only enough of it remains to enable the traveller to discover the place so named. The water-level was raised considerably, and many skeletonized birches stood in weird lonesomeness in the lake, in striking contrast to their gladsome friends, who waved their silvery leaves so sportively above them, rejoicing that the interests of Glasgow have not required their drowning. A few tourists were having some fun on the remains of the strand: there was little romance about the party; it was hard to imagine the man who tucked up his trousers and bathed his feet in the cool waters, and splashed it over his friends good-naturedly with the said feet, a Roderick Dhu, a Malcolm,

A PEEP AT LOCH KATRINE HEAD.

LOCH KATRINE, FROM SILVER STRAND.

or a James Fitz-James; and as difficult to clothe the gentle ones of the company in poetic garb.

Leaving the silver strand, the rocky knolls, the leafy glades, the bold promontories that skirt the mountain base, I reached the point from which Macculloch is said to have painted his famous picture of Loch Katrine—a picture which, for exquisite delineation of a mountain-side reflected in smooth water, has seldom been equalled; and farther still, the Lomond-seeking side of the lake opens out. Seated on a shelving rock immediately above the path that

CORRIE AT THE BACK OF BEN VENUE.

winds far up the mountain-side, I sat to drink it in, and give it a place in the sketch-book; and thus entranced, a lady rode past on a fine bay steed: she was very lovely, and gave the finishing-touch of exquisiteness to the whole scene. May she beautify many a landscape, and be a very sunbeam of joyfulness wherever she goes, and bloom hereafter in the upper garden! I often breathe a benediction as the possessor of a sweet face passes me; it is one means of repaying the debt I owe such for having wafted to me a thrill of joy.

Later in the afternoon, as the rain long threatening began to fall, I sat on a promontory between the lake and the path, while I sketched intently one of the corries behind Ben Venue. I heard a loud shout behind me, and before I had more than time to turn round, a broad strongly-built man, dressed in homespun tweeds and a light straw hat, held out his fat hand to me, and grasped me warmly by the hand. His beard was unkempt, and his eyes of piercing black had a startled look. He at once proceeded to deliver to me, in

stentorian voice, with many strange gesticulations and tremendous emphasis, a sermon. I listened patiently, wondering not a little. The sermon done, he became calmer, and told me he was intimate with Queen Victoria—was "just like one of themselves."

"The Queen," he said, told him, "'Never you want a home while I have one!'—an' ay, but she's keen for me to ha'e her dochter Beatrice. I'm awfu' rich! I've a property aboot as big as Scotland, in America. The Queen's ta see after it for me. She said, 'If anybody wrongs you, just you tell me—I'll sort them!' The Prince o' Wales, I ken him fine!—him and me's awfu' intimate. The Queen's a fine woman, an' so keen I sud tak' the lassie—I dinna think I will, though; there are sa mony lassies a' after me!—maybe it's my money they're after. I dinna ken what to dae with them a'! Only the day I was wi' a wheen o' them, an' they mad' sicken a wark wi' me! I see them, the dear young leddies, rinnin' doon the hill! They maun be comin' after me! Hoy! hey! hurraye!—they see it's me!—ay, but they're fond o' me!"

He often asked me to come and see them. After the sketch was finished I rose—my new friend gave a Herculean shout, and I saw the dear young leddies he had been raving about having a bathe in Loch Katrine, in a sequestered nook, where a white pebbly beach gave them good footing. I disappeared in all haste, and hied this roving Ronald to follow me. By the way he gave me ofttimes the same tale—the Queen's fondness for him, his untold acres, how he meant to distribute his wealth once it was in his hand. Another theme was deeply graven on his mind: it was an injury some one had done him.

"Would I had the rascal—the proud conceited fool!—at Loch Katrine. I wouldna hurt a hair o' his head, but I wad frichten him—ay, wad I. I wad ho'd him like a vice, and douk him in the water. I'm stronger nor he is. I wad grip him just like a cat does a mouse, an' shake him till he'd beg my pardon. He wad look sheepish—ay, wad he. Fine he'd ken wha was the best man then. Maybe he'll come the way, and then I'll pounce on him; but, mind, I'll no hurt him—no, no a hair o' his head."

He took me in hand as his particular charge, and pleaded long and hard with me to leave off sketching "Ellen's Isle."

"Ye'll get yersel' a' drooket; ye're share to be the warse o't. Oh, come away, man, come away! I like yer company real weel, an' I wonna gang without ye."

Every person we met he had a word with; he hallooed to the captain of the

steamboat; was teased about the lassies by the boatmen; pleaded with tears in his eyes with some young men to give up drinking whiskey; advised a gentleman whom he suspected to be a sheep farmer, "Oh, man, be kind to yer men—be awfu' kind to them, and the Lord will bless ye." The rain fell heavily, and we both were getting pretty well soaked, notwithstanding the shelter my umbrella gave us. Just at Loch Achray he left me, that he might call at the manse, and I was left free to get the accompanying sketch of "Loch Achray in Rainy Weather" (the "Evening Sketch of Achray" was taken at an-

EVENING SKETCH OF LOCH ACHRAY.

other time). I was grateful to get back to Duncraggan Huts. My companion, Roving Ronald, landed at the bread-wife's at a later hour, and so alarmed her English artist lodger by his excited recitals of sermons he had heard preached by the Rev. Thomas Binnie, and such pieces as "Lord Ullin's Daughter," that he was unable to settle to his work for a couple of days after. He told me he had never witnessed such excited declamation, and the sound of Ronald's voice gave him fear lest the roof of the dwelling might be brought down on the top of them. If the reader chance to meet this rover, speak kindly to him—he will do his utmost to serve you, despite his strongly-marked peculiarities. The cottagers of these mountain-girt glens esteem him a welcome guest.

I would gladly, had space permitted, have related to the reader many other rambles within a circle of miles round Duncraggan; have introduced him to the artists who flock thither in the later summer and the early autumn months;

and have led him up the rocky water-worn bed of Finlas, to explore its weird dens, fit home for spirit bands—and lonesome spirits too—who are supposed to sigh among the leaves, and chant celestial strains to the ceaseless cadence of the rushing stream. A few extra notes* gleaned in this neighbourhood will be found in the Appendix. We now bend our steps over the hills to Aberfoyle.

The morning of the day when that walk was undertaken was very wet; at noon prospects brightened, blue sky was unveiled, the silver lining of the grey cloud-mantle had a dazzling lustre and spread its ample folds over the whole vale, and hasted my departure. I bade farewell to my landlady and the faithful watch collie, "old dog Royal," to a few of the neighbours, and a lady and her sick son, whom she had brought thither in the hope that he might regain health, and made for "Brig o' Turk." On the other side of Achray I left the haymakers at their healthful work, and sought the faint tracings of a path through the meadow-land. In lovely freshness the varied landscape glowed, as I reached two thatched cottages set in loveliest green, and met a man who had enjoyed the summers and weathered the winters of threescore years and ten. Till two months before he had ever been a hale hearty man, able to work a good day's work; now he was quite infirm: he had been seized with faintings and shiverings immediately after taking a large draught of cold water on a warm day. He was endeavouring to herd. If our city bairns had seen one of the group left under his charge—a sportive calf at lively airy frolics—they would have judged that he was a very great-grandchild of the cow who jumped over the moon. The old man gave me some practical hints as to how not to lose my way in going over the hill path. It led by a steep-flowing burn over the shoulder of a hill, and each step climbed gave a new vantage-point from which to behold the glories that opened out on every side. One view I have drawn on the wood; but it would need colour, and also the bracing mountain air, to enable my reader to enjoy aright the scene. The silvery waters of Loch Katrine glint between the leaf and heath-clad buttresses of solid rock that guard the entrance of the Trosachs Pass. A very sea of heath and fern and birchen boughs, waving in the breeze and shimmering in the sunlight, moist and glittering, spread ridge on ridge over the vale and up the steep hill-slopes, with a tremulous motion like to the ripplings of ocean. The path led into the seclusion of a mountain fastness, a dell of loveliest hues, from which was

* Appendix. Note J.

ACHRAY RIVER.

seen the treelet-lined and rock-embedded Drunkie Loch, over a fine tract of mountain-land, by a rocky stream, down to Aberfoyle, whose hostelry was a very welcome feature in the landscape, and a pleasing quietude wherein to spend the Sabbath. Bailie Nicol Jarvie is the patron saint of the district; his arms, the red-hot poker wherewith he asserted the dignity of his bailieship; the inn is called by his name; you see him in the tea-cups, in the saucers, on the plates, and in the basin where you wash your face he is seen; and before mine host bids you adieu you fold him into your pocket with your hotel bill;

VIEW FROM THE INN WINDOW, ABERFOYLE.

while outside of the inn, attached by iron fastenings to an old tree, is the famous weapon wielded by the worthy bailie (at any rate, we are told so); possibly a century hence it may find its way into a museum of antiquarian relics, and be pointed to as the sword used by the Clan Macpherson before the Flood; for, be it known to English friends, that this clan claim to have sailed through the Deluge in their own boat, altogether independent of the ark, and tell us further that Adam was a real Macpherson and spoke the best of Gaelic.

Space will not permit our introducing to you our host and the hostages that were staying under his homely rooftree, or to picture the varied scenes that clustered round the Clachan. I will the rather have you start towards Loch Lomond, and note a few of the wayside features. We have for a little distance the windings of the Forth on our left, and the dark steep brow of a Ben I incline to call Ben Dhu from its blackness—a liberty allowable when we find

the stream under its shadow named Avon Dhu, on the left. The fields are laden with an ample crop of potatoes and hay; the cottages are weather-stained, and the large windows some can boast show how the south country is weaning our highlanders from their darksome rooms. Gardens by the roadside were clothed with wild flowers and weeds, among which an occasional garden rose shone in singular beauty. A mill lead proved a very mine of rare gems in the way of flowerets, mossy stone, tangled root, and calm reflections.

The morning was grey: the distance was bedded in silver light; a gentle breeze kept off the shower, and also protected partially from the unpleasant

LOCH ARD.

assaults of pertinacious flies. The road wound its course upwards slightly, and left the river some fifty feet below; rowan-trees o'erspread the near side. Nor was there lack of sound: the breeze among the leafage, and the waters coursing over the mossy stones, supplied a sweet cadence; a family of rooks cawed hoarsely; and a little child, who was meeting a real or fancied Bubblyjock, cried piteously; while the cackle of the roosters told of "new-laid eggs." The hill beyond the river was crowned with a graceful group of Scotch firs; the old mill was a wreck: a cart passed, having a family and a large trunk in it, showing how thoroughly we were out of the coach and the tram route. A little lass with flaxen hair was out on an errand, and looked like the country—with her bare feet, shepherd's tartan dress, green jacket, and brown straw hat. Cottages cling to the mountain-side like limpets to the sea-laved rock, and are wedded

LOCH ACHRAY.

to it by the grass and the clinging tendrils that half envelope them. I noted one with variegated thatch, dark grey-stone; a patch of bright green turf filled what had originally been a window, a dog-rose bush bedecked it with many a crimson blossom and delicate bud; the hedging round was full of flowers; a rowan-tree waved above the few gooseberry-bushes and the many cabbages in the garden; and behind, in dark cloud-shades, was stern Craigmore. Loch Ard opened to our view, the shower cleared off, and we had an evanescent glimpse of Ben Lomond. An artificial road skirts the near side of Ard; the cliffs slant upwards from the lake, and wherever there is soil, the oak and silver birch grow profusely—bracken and heather-bell fringe the rocks. A fishing party drove past, and in waterproof attire made for a small boat at a loch-side jetty, and were soon skimming over the waters, and disappeared up the narrows—a channel where, I am told, the scenery is gorgeous in the extreme: far as the eye can trace the lake is girt with treelets, a series of heath-clad hills rise beyond, and farther on the sloping heights that lead to the crowning glory of the landscape—Ben Lomond.

ABOVE LOCH ARD.

After pursuing my walk some miles farther, I halted under an alder-tree about noon. A freshening breeze had carried the rain-clouds aloft; a field of oats waved its delicate crop behind my retreat; the murmur of a rapid stream was heard near by, and blended its tones with those of the rustling trees. The opposite hill-side was bleak; above the tree-clad margin of the lake withered-looking grasses showed that the soil lacked depth; the sheep were very white, having been recently clipped. On the mountain-side of the opposite shore is a little cataract, whose thread of white water marks with a silvery line a deep rocky fissure.

Three o'clock in the afternoon found me sketching a corrie, whose name I have forgotten and cannot find in the map, at the back of Ben Lomond; but it is enough for the reader to know that the mountain that figures so prominently in it is the same as forms the peak of Lomond. The ether was intensely blue, the clouds were white as the riven snow; warm grey clouds were drifting from westward, and mantled in deep shades of gloom the corrie, or

AT THE BACK OF BEN LOMOND.

cast deep tones over the near mountain-side, giving greater force and brightness to its sunlit slopes.

Loch Chon was the next scene of rugged character. Its features were not unlike those we have already described; and we hasten on by Arklet's Lake towards Inversnaid, to get a glimpse of Loch Lomond. The walk proved most enjoyable, and the famed fall was seen to considerable advantage; the hotel is close by the fall, and by keeping your bed-room window slightly open, you may be hushed to slumber by its gentle lullaby. The moon rose early in the evening, and as the sunlight faded, the gentler light cast soft rays over the loch, and long I lingered peering at the mighty mountains upon the other

shore and up the rippling waters. It was difficult to go inside, for I forgot the tiredness of the body in the refreshment of mind thus enjoyed.

An early boat sailed westward, and I landed at Tarbet, and sought a homely lodging, thinking to settle down for some time; but rain — rain — rain was the song of morning, noon, and night, and I saw very little of the pride of Scottish lakes other than its weeping, and learnt to sympathize with those enthusiastic amateurs who rush to spend their one

LOCH ARKLET.

LOCH LOMOND.

fortnight of holidays in our Scottish highlands, and find St. Swithin at the head of affairs.

I took a walk through the pass that leads to Arrocher, hoping to get a good

view of the Cobbler, thinking I might be as fortunate as the late Alexander Smith, who witnessed the worthy Cobbler and his like-featured wife when they had a downright tiff. I found them both in the dumps, greeting sair, and the accompanying sketches give all I was enabled to see of them; and it was difficult work to get even so much, for it rained heavily and the wind

THE COBBLER AND HIS WIFE. AFTER THE SKETCH BY MY FRIEND.

was very boisterous. An enthusiastic artist friend was more successful: he visited the Cobbler on a gala day, when their Majesties held a *levée.* He has kindly allowed me to copy his sketch for my "Rambles;" but it proved a very dear sketch to him. He got up and down safely enough; but the after result almost cost him his life, and shows that extreme caution is needed in climbing our Scottish mountains, to avoid sitting for any length of time in the piercing cold of those heights after being greatly heated by the stiff climb: far

LOCH LOMOND.

better crawl up if it be desirable to stay any length of time on the top. Let me quote for you Smith's description from his "Summer in Skye":

"Up betimes next morning, you are on the beautiful road which runs between Tarbet and Arrochar, and begin, through broken, white up-streaming mists, to make acquaintance with the 'Cobbler,' and some other peaks of that rolling country to which Celtic facetiousness has given the name of the 'Duke of Argyle's Bowling-Green.' Escaping from the birches that line the road, and descending on Arrochar and Loch Long, you can leisurely inspect the proportions of the mountain Crispin. He is a gruesome carle, and inhospit-

COBBLER IN MIST.

COBBLER IN MIST.

able to strangers. He does not wish to be intruded upon,—is a very hermit, in fact; for when, after wild waste of breath and cuticle, a daring mortal climbs up to him, anxious to be introduced, behold he has slipped his cable and is nowhere to be seen. And it does not improve the temper of the climber, that, when down again, and casting up his eyes, he discovers the rocky figure sitting in his accustomed place. The Cobbler's Wife sits a little way off,—an ancient dame, to the full as withered in her appearance as her husband, and as difficult of access. They dwell in tolerable amity, the twain; but when they do quarrel it is something tremendous! The whole county knows when a tiff is in progress. The sky darkens above them. The Cobbler frowns black as midnight. His wife sits sulking in the mist. His wife's conduct aggravates the Cobbler, who is naturally of a peppery temper, and he gives vent to a discontented growl. Nothing loth, and to the full as irascible as her spouse, his wife spits back fire upon him. The row begins. They flash at one another in the savagest manner, scolding all the while in the grandest Billingsgate. Everything listens to them for twenty miles round. At last the wife gives in, and falls to downright weeping, the crusty old fellow sending a shot into her at intervals. She cries, and he grumbles, into the night. Peace seems to have been restored somehow when everybody is asleep; for next morning the Cobbler has renewed his youth. He shines in the sun like a very bridegroom—not a frown on the old countenance of him; and his wife opposite, the tears hardly dried upon her face yet, smiles upon him through her prettiest headdress of mist; and for the next six weeks they enjoy as bright, unclouded weather as husband and wife can expect in a world where everything is imperfect."

My Loch Lomond sketches reveal the prevailing weather during my visit to her borders. I ever longed to have one day of sunshine, though mixed with shower; but at length my patience became exhausted, and I shouldered my knapsack, and was soon on board the Balloch-bound steamboat, while the wind blew fiercely, and it rained heavily at intervals; it was most refreshing, although altogether unworkable, and nearly succeeded in unrobing some of the passengers. I concluded from the steady admiring gaze of a tall old gentleman that he must needs be an artist, and with a like ease he knew me to be an aspirant in pursuit of the same art; and we stood together drinking in the effects of the storm-clouds that chased and counter-chased each other over the lake, as we sailed under the shades of the mighty Ben, or were piloting our

way among the islets of varied character—almost all of them bearing "Inch" as a prefatory syllable. The surface of the lake was lashed white with the raging wind, and drenched us now and again with the tossings of its spray. Balloch Pier reached, the railway station was sought, and a few hours steam-power landed me in Auld Reekie, to rest a couple of days at home before making for the shores of Clyde.

SHE MORE GLEN, LOCH LOMOND-SIDE.

CLIFFS, WEST COAST OF ARRAN.

CHAPTER IV.

A NIGHT of restless tossing, snatchings of brief seasons of sleep, and fitful wakings, preceded the morning of my departure for the West Coast. I heard the clock strike each successive hour, and I fear my mother fared no better, for she had promised to wake her (in ordinary circumstances) sleepy-headed son. At grey of dawn my place in Blanket Bay was vacant; the Rambler had left his moorings, and was scudding under full sail, with knapsack and umbrella, for the Caledonian Station at the west end of Princes Street. Nor had he to wait long there for the train running in connection with the sailing of the "Iona" steamship from Greenock.

The morning was one of the greyest of the grey, and soon the promise of

much rain was bountifully fulfilled, and our outlook, as our train sped past the town, the village, the moor, and the farm, was all mantled in the dense folds of the big rain-clouds. Greenock does not seem a very inviting place for the pleasure-seeker at any time; in rainy weather its attractions are not heightened. It is ever associated in my mind with a scene I witnessed there many years ago. It was the evening of a fortnightly pay Friday, and the working people, who had spent a per-centage of their earnings in the public houses, were gathered *en masse* in front of the railway ticket office, to purchase tickets for the "stand-up carriages" (carriages in which there were no seats), to convey them to Glasgow; they hooted, yelled, swore, crushed, and fought like fiends, and the depraved look engraved on many faces made one shudder. When we see sin unmasked now and again, and reigning even for a few minutes unrestrained, we get a faint idea of its extreme hatefulness and loathsomeness. Surely the way of transgressors is hard, and stands out in striking contrast to the ways of the Lord, which are experienced by those who walk therein to be pleasant and peaceful.

I do not doubt for one moment that, in addition to the merit of its position in the commercial world, Greenock has, within easy access, many lovely nooks of interest to lovers of nature. The view looking out on the river is often a scene of singular beauty. I have spent an hour on a sunny summer morn as a fleet of noble and some humbler ships were basking in the genial rays, a blue-sky-reflecting river was enwreathed by mellow-tinted mists: in the stillness of that morn they lay waiting the waking of a favourable breeze. The Clyde is a theme I am unable in the limits of the present Rambles to enlarge on; at a not distant date I may explore the river and the Firth alike, and portray the salient features of the western metropolis. Meantime, the Arran-bound steamboat came alongside the wharf, and we sailed under the rain-shower out of the river into the Firth, seeing nothing of the landscape that lay on either shore, save when we called at one of the fashionable watering-places to land and embark passengers. Our company looked far from cheerful, yet below decks would have proved the greater of two evils, and so the majority remained above.

As we neared Arran the clouds became denser, and in turn cast deep shadows over the Firth and the Arran coast, or were lit up with a glow of intensely bright sunlight; while the glory of Arran, its mountain-peaks, were lost amid the clouds that enshrouded them. On landing I sought for the cottage occupied by the Duke of Hamilton's piper, in which some friends had

found most comfortable quarters the season before. I found it pre-occupied by a little company of artists, either professional or amateur, who made use of the rainy day by camping in the coach-house to sketch from its shelter a fine group of trees, with some good foreground rock and bracken, all within a stone-throw of the cottage. The piper's little girl was mounted on horseback, and dispatched to Brodick in quest of a lodging, and returned with the news that there was a spare room at the "Boat-house." The Boat-house became my

THE BOAT-HOUSE, BRODICK, ARRAN.

roosting-place while under the shadow of the mighty mountain of the wind, "Goat Fell." The lady of the house loved to be called by her Christian name, *Martha*, and she was not without traits in her character we are prone to associate with the name. She was careful and troubled about many things. In the summer season her troubles were born of her prosperity. Like the woman famed in the bairns' rhyme, "who lived in a shoe, and had so many children she did not know what to do," Martha in her Boat-house kept so many lodgers—the cooking of meals, making of beds, and washing of linen for such a host made her often remark, "I have so much wark, I dinna know what to do first;" and then she had a husband to work for. "There 's poor Archie, he canna dae a han's turn for himsel', and I 've to earn every bite o' bread he eats."

Yet Martha was a woman of courage, and she succeeded nobly in satisfying her hungry lodgers with wholesome fare, and spreading for them sheets a prince might fold around him; and though the body was often weak, the spirit was lively, and soon found a way whereby to mount with ease over any

difficulty that might arise in the government of her household or the entertainment of her hospices. Her castle was quite unique in regard to construction, and the site was a novel one. It was built so very near the sea that it had narrowly escaped being carried away in high tides, and doubtless would have been altogether afloat but for its having a foundation of some two feet and a half of stone. On one occasion the tide had risen so far before they were roused to a sense of their danger that escape was impossible, and it was a period of intense suspense inside while the waters were rising higher above the stool, the chair, the bed, above the table-top. She had a darling grandchild staying with her: to quell his fears she solaced him with some whiskey, kept in the house for *medicine*, and the poor lad was soon quite drunk. When Martha felt worn out, and had taken a little medicine, she would tell us all about her darling boy and his sad end, and never without asking that she might be forgiven for hating the man she believed had caused his death.

"My darlin' boy, he went to sea, and the ship was wrecked, and he, my darlin' boy, went down wi' the ship, and the last words he said were, 'Murder! murder! grandmother! grandmother!' When the ship sprang a leak they took to the boats, and after they were all in the captain sent Angus back to his cabin for the cash-box, and after the boy threw it to him, he cut the rope, the ship gave a lurch, and my boy went down with the ship, shouting out, 'Murder! murder! grandmother! grandmother!' And God forgi'e me for wishing the captain ill, the murderer!"

Such was her tale, and doubtless it had some foundation. The lad had been brought up by her as her own, and had cheered many lonesome hours in her seaward-looking cabin. He was drowned at sea; but I fear conjecture and a frenzied imagination had not a little to do with creating and giving vividness to the particulars that rendered the memory of his fate so sad. Dear old Martha had much of the milk of human kindness about her; she had pensioners who shared with her such things as she had: one was a lame robin redbreast, who came and sat on a bush opposite the door till he was fed; another was a pigeon whose cot was quite a mile away: she too looked for a meal on every visit, and after gathering her crop-full, would wing her flight over the fields and houses home to her cot. From the sketch my reader will discover why this sea-cot was called the Boat-house: an upturned boat forms the roof, and under this roof is the but and the ben, the kitchen and the parlour, each boasting its own snug box-bed. The kitchen had one small win-

dow, the parlour two, one looking out over Brodick Bay, the other inland; joined to this main building were various outhouses, each having a door, a window, a box-bed, a small deal table, a candlestick, and a wash-basin of its own: these were let for the most part to single gentlemen, though now and again she had also lady lodgers. The surroundings were full of interest: in the foreground we had Martha's pig-store, where she kept a varied assortment of china and earthenware; it also was roofed by the remains of an old pleasure boat;

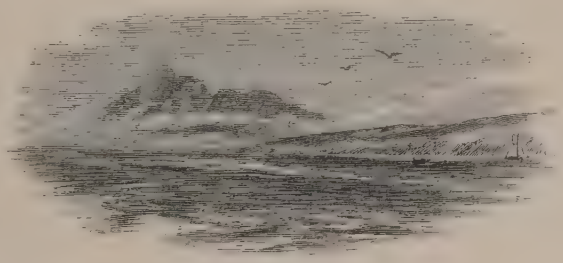
GLEN ROSA MOUNTAINS, FROM BRODICK BAY, ISLE OF ARRAN.

Martha's cabbage garden and potato plot, and Martha's hen-house, where the roosters were alike honoured by having a boat-house of their own. A bank of sand separated between the sea and an inner expanse of shore, in which the bed of Rossie Burn was pillowed among undulating slopes clad with a profusion of sea-grasses; at full tide it seemed like a fresh-water lake, at ebb tide but a marshy waste, only the stream meandering along its time-worn groove.

To the left was the village of Brodick, its hotel, its pier, its many boats and rock-girt shore, and the hill that divides Brodick from Lamlash Bay and Holy

Isle. The whole bay is girded with hills, and the serrated peaks at eventide acquire a semblance of increased height; and reflected in the bay, Goat Fell and Glen Rosa mountains draw the eye to linger long at their rugged grandeur —lovers walk softly and admire, while you listen to the plash of the shore-gliding boats, and the song or the hymn that is breathed in the air by sweet voices, I trust attuned by hearts in sympathy with the songs of gladness. I listened with joy to the airs of many of the hymns endeared to so many in our land since Mr. Sankey visited our shores.

Brodick is a good tourist centre for exploring the island, and is in daily communication with the mainland by different steamboats. I will have a short ramble to Lamlash and another to the top of Goat Fell with my reader, and a more leisurely walk round the northern half of Arran before I leave it. The day set apart for Lamlash trip was rather an unfortunate one, and brought vividly to mind the misfortunes that befell my respected drawing-master, who came to paint the Arran hills, but was day after day, through stress of weather, confined to the subject of the picture that figured on the walls of the Royal Scottish Academy in the following February, entitled, "My Lodgings in Arran," for it rained constantly and heavily. I chose the road nearest the coast, and had many refreshing bits of dripping leafage and cliff and rural cottage retreat by the way; and after the hill was rounded, I got a very shadowy view of Lamlash Bay and Holy Isle. The latter did not suffer much from being so completely swathed in the cloudy spell; but the rather loomed great in size, and gave imagination licence to fill in details of majestic proportions. The potato-diggers were as wet as if they had been bathed in the bay with their clothes on. It was fair-day, and, despite the weather, the muddy road was thronged by eager folks from the rural districts, who were witnessing the competition for prizes, being adjudged to the horses that looked in the best condition, and who



HOLY ISLE.

when running and trotting did not belie their looks; others were among the sheep-pens, and many fine specimens were ticketed with either a prize card or "honourable mention." The sole competitors in the swine department was a big lanky sow and her large family of young porkers. The mother was adjudged the first prize, the litter the second. The cattle had their stance a little distance away, and had been judged earlier in the day. The inns were redolent of whiskey and whiskey songs; many carts and gigs were waiting on the roadside, and in an hour or two Lamlash would be as quiet as is its wont, and the visitor of the season could enjoy his walk with his cousins, undisturbed by runaway animals and the gaze of the sons of the soil. I nearly omitted to mention that two young men passed through the streets, bearing in triumph between them, hanging on a rod, the body of an adder, about two feet long and one inch in circumference.

The map discovered to me an inland road to Brodick. It proved a very rural path among silver birches and rocky braes, and the walking was literally in a water-course the whole way, and it was as comfortable to be walking in two or three inches of water as in one, so I abandoned myself to a straightforward walk, and it was quite enjoyable: the whole of the sylvan scenery was glittering in gorgeous freshness of colour, and in among the brackens, the brambles, the birches, the firs, the grasses, rocks, and broken soil, were a continual feast of such bits as feed with joy the artistic eye, but challenge his power to imitate, and so to translate that he who looks upon the painting may breathe in sympathy with the scene in nature.

In Fullerton's "Gazetteer of Scotland," Goat Fell is briefly described thus: "A magnificent mountain, 2,865 feet high, on the north-east seaboard of the island of Arran. It contains many superb close scenes among its shoulders and skirts, forms a sublime feature in the scenery of the Firth of Clyde, and commands from its summit perfectly thrilling views both of the rugged mountain masses in its immediate vicinity, and of vast part of the west of Scotland, away to the farther side of the Irish Channel." Nor does the gazetteer overstate the merits of Goat Fell. After gazing admiringly at his stately proportion from the Boat-house, and being satisfied that he had around him a sufficient power of wind to clear himself from the clouds so prone to cling to him, I persuaded two divinity students, fellow-lodgers in Martha's hotel, to visit the top of the mountain with me. We took it quite leisurely, though we did stray far from the regular path, and as a penalty had quite a protracted season of wading

VIEW FROM THE TOP OF GOAT FELL.

over marshy ground and rough heather, in considerable ambiguity as to the direction of the beaten path; but we were in no doubt as to the position of the point we had to reach, and kept our eyes steadily towards a mark on the mountain-side we had observed carefully from Brodick as the beginning of the ascent proper. The first fellow-mountaineer we met was the Duke's horse, who preferred leaving the man-servant to have for once in his life the privilege of carrying the master's saddle. The pony seemed as if not altogether a stranger to the appreciation of humour, he looked around so knowingly at the varied plans Dugald adopted to get within reach. Turn-about is fair play, and Dugald was thoroughly welcome to try how the saddle fitted his own back, and the noble Duke to carry himself to the castle. The clambering over the great boulders was good exercise. We halted a few minutes under the shelving rocks below the summit, and partook of the cooling stream that trickled from a hidden spring; and truly, when we reached the top, and looked beyond the huge boulders around us on the solemn rocky walls, the jagged peaks, and darksome vales, we were constrained to utter expressions of wonder and admiration! There is a strange fascination about such a scene: its utter desolateness enlists your sympathy, and frees you from all ordinary channels of thought. You desire for the time that man would hush his feeble voice, and listen to the breathings of a life that dwells among the clouds, and renews its youth after those who, season after season, have climbed the steep, have gazed awhile, and from thence returned to the plain, are buried beneath the sod.

I will not attempt to describe the scene, but I courteously invite each reader who visits Arran and enjoys good health to make the ascent very leisurely, so as to be able, without danger of getting a sudden chill, to have a long long look from the top, of the corries, and the streams that dwell in solemn grandeur around Goat Fell: it will be graven on your mind for ever. The descent is rapidly accomplished; the first part requires some caution, but when the ridge of rocks is passed, you will find it a hard task to restrain a bounding progress, enlivened by hop, step, and leap, according to the bit of ground you are clearing; and your slumber will be all the sweeter after the little bit of climbing and the race down the hill.

At the Boat-house again another ramble simmering. I unfolded to Martha my design of starting at dead of night for a walk round the north of the island. This she protested against very strongly, on the ground that she had known many missed and some murdered who essayed to travel round that way in the

night; not that she thought such dark deeds as robbery would be perpetrated by any of the islanders, "But you see, sir, the island is very near the sea, and all sorts of men are sailing round about, an' when they 've spent all their own earnings on drink, it 's hard to know what they 'll no' do to try and get more."

So I was persuaded, and planned a start at dawn. The preceding night I saw the sunset in glowing red behind the range of mountain-peaks ere they were crowned with misty wreaths; ever-deepening shades stole over the bay, the river was darkened, the smoke from the houses died away, the window lights were out, few voices broke the stillness of the night; the boaters had left their oars ashore, and grounded the boats above high-water-mark on the beach; a waning moon rose above a mist-cloud and spread gentle rays over land and sea; a ship lay bedded in the soft mud of the river-bed, and was reflected in a still pool; the plash of the oars of a shore-bound boat was heard, and merry voices sounded clearly amid the prevailing stillness. All seemed asleep under the Boat-house roof: in my chamber the candle was burning, the air was chilly; about two hours had to elapse before day-dawn, and I thought I might as well spend them among the blankets. When the twilight began to streak the eastern sky, I was up again, and fortified myself against the walk by a repast of bread and butter and clear spring-water. This morning I found one of the giant snails, who pertinaciously laid siege to my cabin, with his head and horns buried in the roll of fresh butter in my larder; he was fully eight inches long; doubtless in the French market he would have found favour. I did not kill him, but gave him a place on the other side of the railing. These snails had a provoking way of paying nocturnal visits, and wandered between the wooden walls and the loosely fixed paper that decked the walls, making a noise that deceived me into the belief that they were just about to leave the wall for the bed-clothes, and that the next notice I might have of their movements might be a cold clammy touch from one of them. Other friends I had, viz., a family of mice, that delighted themselves performing running feats and pedestrian excursions, that might have gained them fame in certain circles if they had been men instead of mice; and a sagacious hen in the broad daylight was ambitious to leave a new-laid egg in the corner of the hole in the wall I designated my cupboard.

I regret much that I did not at the time jot down a brief word description of the glory of the dawn as witnessed when I came to the front of the Boat-house

and saw the bay.* The ocean was aglow with reflected light shimmering on the surface of gladsome wavelets, while within the sandbank the water, with a mirror-like perfection, reflected the varied mellow shades of the sun-illumined azure, the phantom clouds tipped with ruddy light, and the varied features of the surrounding landscape. The morn was redolent of peaceful life: one or two ships spread sail to catch the first waftings of wind; the mists still clung round the

DAYDAWN, BRODICK BAY.

brow of Goat Fell, and lingered among the corries and glens, as I followed the path that skirts the margin of the bay and the river-bank; close by a Druid stone that stands by the roadside under the shelter of a stately tree; by the tall fir woods into whose sylvan shades the eye loves to wander; on through a wicket-gate by a rustic bridge over the river, into the depths of a recess of singular solitariness, where various trees environ a motionless river, whose waters stagnate and bring forth a death-like network or long green streamers: a film covers much of the surface of the water; trees and shrubs alike show signs of decay, and the clinging ivy spreads far his tracery of tendrils and legions of polished leaves.

* Appendix. Note K.

The main road regained, a few minutes' walking had cleared the shade cast by a fir wood on the right, and the road led under the massive wood-embowered pile of Brodick Castle, as it raised its head in regal dignity above the tallest of the sylvan monarchs; and seaward, the rugged coast was dappled with rough soil, huge rocks, grassy mounds, and an array of whins that had almost outgrown their kind, and claimed no longer to be left among the bushes, but to be termed a forest of whin trees. I saw the sun rise above the cloud-bank that girded the eastern horizon, and robed in glowing brilliance, his myriad rays shot their quickening beauty-clothing darts o'er the whole scene; while a thousand wavelets reflected the brightness of his rising, as each responsive to his glad greeting leaped with a morning bouyancy to hail him king of a new day! and sweetly the cooler tones of the meridian canopy of blue, and the more solid shades from the Arran mountains and the many-tinted shore, blended with the prevailing shimmer of sunlight.

The road had no very striking features, yet it abounded in fresh bits of foreground, fallen rocks, trees, brushwood; now and again a little streamlet or a leaping waterfall. The distant mountain-land was still under the cloud-shades; the rabbits were playing bo-peep all along the way, and many birdies lent their cheery notes to swell the harmony all nature enjoyed. Muildon Hill rose in shelving heights, a little shipping-place was near to a large stone quarry, and a very huge boulder on the roadside is known as the "Rocking Stane." At this point two quarrymen passed. I expressed doubt about any human arm being able to move such a giant stone; whereupon one approached the boulder, took a hold of it, and I saw it rock. He said any delicate lady, if she only knew where to grip it and the direction to push in, could move it as well as he.

At Corrie Inn the ostlers were the only visible representatives, and the doors were still closed; but at the village a number of the natives were astir, and came to a little stone pier where a boat's crew were exchanging for the coin of the realm the sparkling treasure netted in the night season, and many of the lodgers would have the freshest of fresh herrings waiting them for breakfast. I saw not the stern grandeur of the mountains that rise so steep above Corrie, and crossed in turn Corrie Burn and Cat's Burn—content to leave for another visit the beholding of the inner glens; neither did I see the beauties of Sannox; and I left the eastern shore, and for the time being the music of the wavelets, to enter a weirdsome glen of some eight miles long, that lay 'tween the east and the west coasts.

I thought to have introduced here a Highland traditionary tale* with a moral, from Mrs. Grant's most interesting essays on "The Superstitions of the Highlanders;" while the scene is in such perfect harmony, space prevents me, but you will find it in the Appendix. The glen of yore had been peopled by many island homes, whose sites were traceable; now it was a silent glen: the voices were hushed, the homes were levelled, and only the barking of a sheep-dog and the yelling of some one who, I doubt not, bore a human form—though certainly he had a most inhuman voice; the strange wild gesticulations may have been terms of endearment in Gaelic, but it seemed more like the echo of the dark expatriating power that had driven from their homesteads the sons and the daughters of the soil.

Loch Ranza opened to us a complete change of scene: there were houses, a church, an inn, and even the old castle was allowed to retain its site, and guide the fishers in their homeward course. The fishing-boats had landed the catch of the night, and were spreading their nets on the tall masts erected for drying them over; a bridge spanned the mountain stream that bounded towards the bay in wild leaps; and all the glen, with its mountain girdling its steep precipices, its grass slopes, was veiled in mystery—only the nearer shoulders of the hill revealed their naked rock, and the outflow of the rushing stream told of the heights we could not see.

COTTAGE AT LOCH RANZA, ARRAN.

My fifteen miles' walk had whetted my appetite, and therefore I looked with no angry gaze on Ranza Inn, and, despite the large company of tourists airing themselves outside, I made inquiries for breakfast, and was told it would not be ready for an hour (it was now nine o'clock). This hour I spent in sketching Ranza Castle. When the breakfast-bell rang I was going to make my

* Appendix. Note L.

way into the commercial room, but was told all the seats were pre-engaged; and had there been another inn within some twelve miles in the direction of my proposed walk, I think I would have gone right for it; but prudence is the better part of valour, and so I asked if they would kindly make haste, as I could not afford to wait—that I would rather breakfast in the bar-room than be detained any longer. This had the desired effect, and I was enabled to continue my walk.

LOCH RANZA CASTLE, ISLE OF ARRAN.

By this time the families staying there for summer quarters were out for a forenoon walk: mothers, nurses, playful youngsters—some with towels for the bathing, others with picnic baskets, making for the cliffs or the shore. A lone grave, the resting-place of one who had died at sea, lay at a point of land under the shelter of a rugged knoll: the grassy mound was decked with a cross of white stones, and at either end an unhewn rock was placed to mark the spot as sacred; and on the taller stone was a square patch whereon the remains of an inscription that bore a roughly-drawn cross and an anchor, and the fact J. M'L. died at sea—all else defaced. All along the coast the cliffs were variegated and clothed with luxurious herbage: there were upper and under cliffs—perpendicular, angular, overhanging, sloping, and broken cliff; some with caves or with deep dark fissures, and others with rocky outpost stacks; while there was generally a copious crowning of leafy boughs, and many parts mantled in ivy.

Early in the day these westward-looking cliffs were in shadow, and a grateful shade it proved, for the sun's rays were exceedingly powerful. Sandy bays invited the bather to plunge in the clear cool waters; boating parties found no breeze to fill the sail, and rowed lazily around the coast. A solitary fern-gatherer was filling his basket with specimens. A wooden mansion was quite an inviting residence: it consisted of the saloon of a large ship that must have been wrecked in the neighbourhood. There was a square kirk, and two neglected burying-grounds, where the memorial stones were in most cases overtopped by a rank growth of fern and weed. When the sun rose in its meridian power the heat became oppressive, and I was glad to take a path that led through the centre of the island back to Brodick, content to leave the accomplishment of a circuit of the island for another occasion. When I reached the Boat-house towards evening, I had walked thirty-five miles, and had given a place in the sketch-book to eight subjects.

I must now close the chapter on Arran, deeply conscious that the greater part remains untold, for within itself the island contains almost every feature of Scottish landscape, and a faithful account of Arran would unfold to the reader scenes witnessed of a like character over the length and breadth of North Britain.

SAILOR'S GRAVE, WEST OF ARRAN.

IONA.

CHAPTER V.

FAREWELL to Martha and her quaint home; farewell to Archie, as he stood looking into the shades of the mist-filled Glen Cloy, and breathed aloud a prayer that showed he was not so dead to thought as he seemed: his prayer was, "Lord, prepare my soul for death!"—again farewell: may your prayer be abundantly answered! Farewell to each glen, each peak, each corrie, and every spot where Nature has spread the rich carpeting of her mosses and flowers.

How lovely all looked as the steamer sped towards the shores of Bute! Holy Isle towered above the misty vapour that clung round Arran's isle; and the ever-varying outline of the mountains, as one corrie was opened to view and another closed, was relieved against the blue sky, which gave prominence to the serrated peaks; all minor details were lost in a mysterious veil of haze. The sail was only too short, and after rounding Toward Point, we steamed slowly into Rothesay Bay, whose shipping and surroundings brought to us manifold reminders of city life: it was a strong contrast to the quiet of the Arran hills towering heavenward above the encircling wreaths of mist. All

spoke here of man's work—his enterprise, his pleasure; stately hotels vied with one another, handsome shops displayed in their windows all the luxuries one might expect in the great cities of the realm. There was considerable shipping traffic; many wheeled vehicles mingled with the throng of foot passengers.

ROTHESAY BAY.

There were untold numbers of pleasure boats: some skimming over the bay, while others were closely berthed within the harbour, waiting the evening hour, when they would be in great demand. There was a museum on the southern shore, and the coast was lined by terraces of comfortable villas; a band-stand occupied a prominent place on a new promenade, and at dusk a large crowd thronged round to listen to the music ministered to them by a company of musicians, what some call in Scotland a "brass band." Near to the landing-pier were some of the older houses of the town, and by climbing a steep street, the old castle may be leisurely inspected, and it quite merits a visit.

The island abounds in pleasing scenes, and a season may be well spent there by those who desire to live near city comforts. The "Iona"—D. Hutchison and Company's famed steamboat—calls each morning on her way to Ardrishaig *viâ* the Kyles of Bute and Loch Fyne. Desiring to reach some of the isles that lie out from Oban, I embarked on board the "Iona," and became part

of the densely-packed crowd of pleasure-seekers: the majority came for the sail, and would return with the ship in the afternoon to Glasgow or Greenock. A very agreeable schoolmaster from Ayrshire made my acquaintance, and we enjoyed the unfolding of the scenery of the Kyles as we looked up Lochs Striven and Ridden, and the army of hills that guarded either side of our course. The pencil could not go fast enough over the paper, so quickly changed the scenes. I enjoy sailing through the Kyles best in stormy weather —not in a steady down-pour of rain, when a monotone of cold grey is everywhere predominant, or in a gale of wind with a cloudless sky, which tells alone on the heaving waters; but when blast succeeds blast, and swathing mists and pelting showers career at large over the water and the land—now looking on deep indigo shades and the whirling spray carried far o'er the rocky cliff, and again seeing a glow of sunlight burst through and dazzle for a brief minute every feature of the scene, till all is once more enshrouded in the dense foldings of the wind-driven clouds.

As we near the island of Inchmarnock and round Ardlamont Point, and enter Loch Fyne, we have another view of the Arran peaks; we skirt part of Kintyre and Knapdale, and entering Loch Gilphead a few minutes thereafter, we have left the "Iona" and the multitude of our *compagnons de voyage*, and are either perplexed about our luggage or walking up a short brae to get a place on board a very tiny steamboat that waits our arrival. The goods are sent on by large waggons, and meet us at Loch Crinan; while the "Cygnet" or the "Plover" puffs along right merrily, and we sit down to have a quiet look at the bonnie bits of scenery that are everywhere meeting us. Just on the hill-side above the starting-point is a little cottage—one of the large family of rural homes that adorn the Highland hills. The young kilted boys and tartan-dressed girls used to run a long distance on the canal bank in healthful rivalry, and were oftentimes rewarded by having money thrown to them. There are fewer runners now: whether the halfpence have not flowed so freely from the

COTTAGE ABOVE CRINAN CANAL.

pockets of the tourists, or the youthful population has decreased, I cannot tell. A larger number of bigger girls and women were in waiting at one of the locks, where the passengers are politely informed they may walk for a mile; they had large pitchers and small jugs, and we are all favoured with pressing invitations to have "*sweet* milk." Sometimes a more matronly dame may preside at a table whereon is a large basin of curds, jugs of cream, a number of strong dessert-plates and horn spoons, and a goodly array of oaten cakes; so you may thus have curds and cream in the land of brown heath—and if lovely scenery lends a zest to wholesome fare, you should not fail to patronize this vendor of good things.

CRINAN CANAL.

The little sketch of Crinan Canal shows the halting-place where passengers wait to re-embark on board the canal boat.

Looking towards Loch Crinan, which loch we speedily reach and are again at sea making for Oban, we crossed the north entrance to the Sound of Jura, and sailed near to the Gulf of Corrivreckan, whose wild tumultuous tossings are dreaded by seamen. Tradition states that here the mermaids were wont to entrap luckless oarsmen, and a Gaelic legend affirms that a certain laird of Colonsay was carried away by a mermaid, and in her dark sea-cave confined for some years; he tired of his sweet partner, and persuaded her to convey him to the shores of Colonsay, and, once on shore, he returned not again to his

disconsolate dweller in the ocean cave, and doubtless the sentiment was deep engraven on his mind—

> "As you pass through Jura's sound,
> Bend your course by Scarba's shore;
> Shun, oh shun, the gulf profound,
> Where Corrivreckan's surges roar!"

The sound of this seething tumult of cross currents of ocean are heard afar. Thomas Campbell the poet tells us: "On the shores of Argyll-shire I have often listened with great delight to the sound of this vortex at the distance of many leagues. When the weather is calm, and the adjacent sea scarcely heard on these picturesque shores, its sound, which is like the sound of innumerable chariots, creates a magnificent and fine effect." It is supposed to be named after a Danish prince, Breachkan, who braved its dangers by anchoring in the midst of it. The prize he was promised was the hand of a fair princess of the isles. Breachkan and his good ship went down, and tradition might have added that this brave prince was buried in great style by the merry mermaids at the bottom of the deep blue sea.

We sail between Scarba and Luing, Lunga and other little islets: these are called the Slate Islands. Those who take a look at a geological map will see that at the northernmost of these small isles the slate district, which occupies a large section of Central Scotland, terminates there, and is girded by extensive masses of trap rock. The Easdale Slate Quarries have for upwards of two centuries been a source of wealth and means of employment to quite a number of men, —men who are also known for their courage in danger and skill as boatmen, having frequently gone to the help of distressed vessels when they seemed rushing to meet certain doom against the crags and rocks of that wild coast.

After a little rough tossing from our exposure to the open ocean, we sail under the shelter of Kerrera, and look upon its rugged cliffs. Alexander II. died in this island when preparing to take the Western Islands from the rule of the Norsemen. Kerrera is as a guardian angel to Oban, and within its shelter the fleet of boats and pleasure yachts anchor safely. When the steamboat touches the pier, you are met by a throng of canvassers from the hotels and private lodging-house keepers, and not a few of the holiday residents, who look out eagerly, in the hope of mayhap meeting friend or acquaintance or notable traveller. A bonnie wee lassie volunteered to lead me to a very nice lodging. The respected dame who kept it was of the right stamp,—a

DUNSTAFFNAGE CASTLE.

true kind-hearted woman, who looked upon lodgers as members of the family for the time being, who were to be made comfortable and not overcharged. There was another spare room, and I bethought me of my schoolmaster friend, and he most gladly left the lodging in which he was about to settle, away at the back of an inland cliff,—a most dismal place of abode, and the very last place to be chosen for the particular man who was about to bury himself in its seclusion, for his very life was wrapped up in seeing and being seen, speaking and being spoken to. Had he stayed a few nights under that dark cliff, his ponderous imagination might either have given him wings to fly above it, or have made him dream he was buried, house and all, under its weight. He could, by coming with me, listen to each announcement made by the town bellman, and see all the passengers that landed or embarked at the steamboat pier. His power of making friends was most marked. One day he was in the bosom confidence of a member of the secret police force from London, and came home, the hairs on his head refusing to be smoothed down while he meditated on the terrible recitals of London vice and crime to which he had been listening. Again, he was deep in abstruse problems propounded to him by an enthusiastic scientist; and another day the lady who kept the keys of Dunstaffnage Castle led him to profound historical research regarding the wonderful Coronation Stone once in Dunstaffnage, now in Westminster Abbey. We walked together to get the view of the castle and its encircling wreath of mountains, engraved for these Rambles, and together we strolled past the fashionable throngs of tourists in front of the great hotels, and clambered over a steep stone dyke to get a peep of Dunolly Castle without subjecting ourselves to the penalties and pains promised to

FLADDA.

LUNGA.

DUTCHMAN'S CAP.

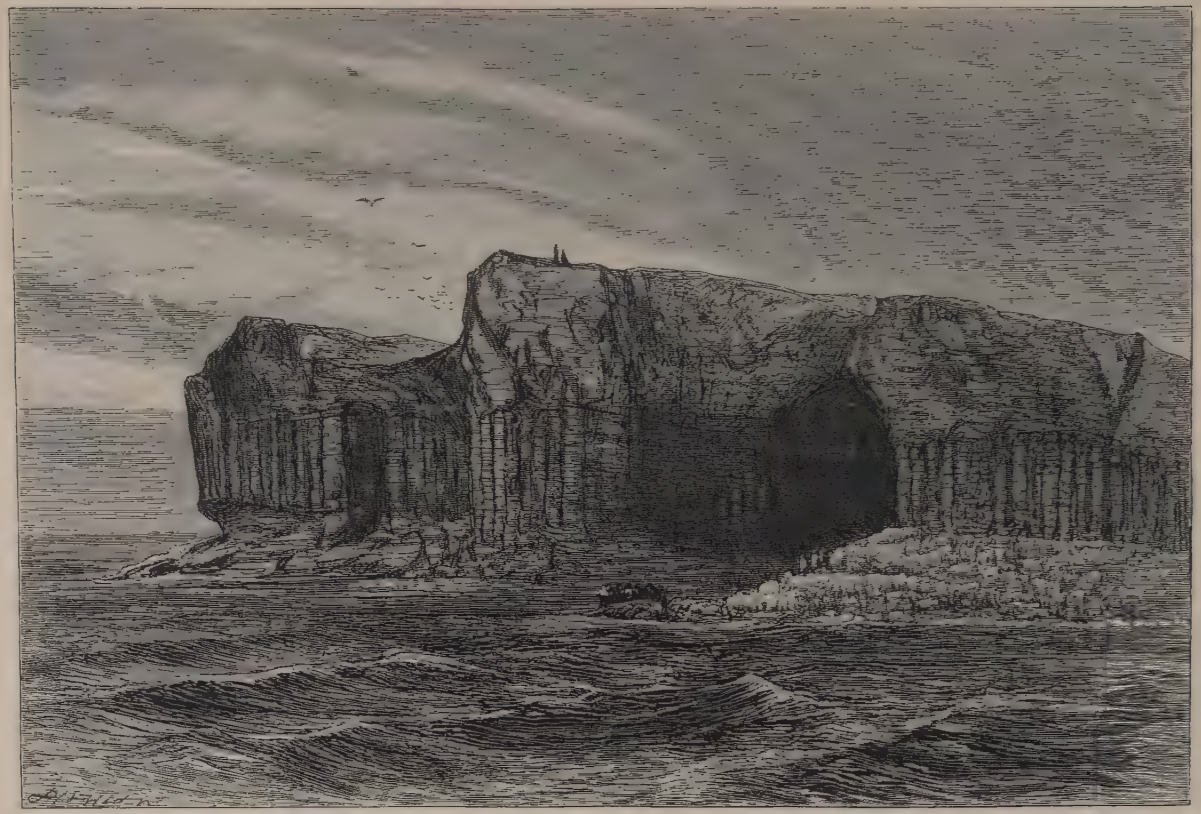
trespassers above high-water-mark. While I sat sketching, he made acquaintance with some bathers, and inspected that big plum pudding rock known as the Dog Stone, where Fingal tied by sea-tangle of Fingalian proportions his fierce hunting dogs, while he made a fire of a dozen or two large trees and prepared a feast.

A steamer leaves Oban on certain days for Staffa and Iona: it goes by the Sound of Mull round the north of that island, and returns by the south. To lovers of the sea it is a great treat, and affords scope for varied tastes. The route has been described to death, and there have been so many accounts of the leading objects, I am inclined to be silent till I reach some spots where fewer pens have essayed to give to the world their portraiture, allowing the sketches engraved to leave my mite of tribute alike to the noble natural architecture of the Isle of Caves and the art treasures in the Isle of Ionic Crosses.

STAFFA.

OBAN SOUND.

Many are looking forward with pleasure to a work that will embody the loving and unwearied researches of Mr. James Drummond, a member of the Scottish Academy, who has made Iona a special object of study for years. Many artists are now drawn to it, and find that it has other attractions than



STAFFA.

the records of the burial of kings: they love to paint the children who come to meet the tourist with wave-worn pebbles from the sacred isle, and also the scenery of Mull, and the many lochs that indent that isle of bold headlands and rugged mountain masses, as they are seen from Iona.

With my reader's permission I will take a step—not a very practical one in real travel,—from the Oban-bound steamer to the "St. Clair," a Glasgow

CROAG, ISLE OF MULL

trader, that calls at many ports with merchandise and does a lively trade in the transport of cattle. Before she reached the precincts of Iona she made the round of the Sound of Mull, called at Tobermory, where she was unnecessarily detained by some shippers not having a lot of sheep waiting; she sailed up Loch Sunart, got on board part of a flock of sheep at Salen Pier, landed them at Croag in Mull; and now we made for the Isle of Coll,—the "Sandy Coll" Sir Walter speaks of. We got an accession to our passengers there, and this rendered our company as much as our cabin could accommodate with seat-room at meal-hours. We had a bachelor party on board, who were out for a little merrymaking: an island marriage ball had wooed them from

the desk of the counting-house, and having had a taste of the free air of these parts, and being good fellows well met, a few more days of healthful roving gave a gleeful appendix to the gaieties of the wedding. There was, as a matter of course, a clever punster and an old joker, and no end of reminiscences with a strong spicing of the comic element in them. The steward was not left to mourn that his bottles found no custom: there was treating and return treating, and one humble Highlander who could sing Gaelic songs was

ISLE OF COLL.

made the sink into which was poured the spirits bought by sundry odd pence; and, to the satisfaction of those who deem it a noble accomplishment the filling a man drunk, this Celt was brought into that pitiable condition, and manifested the power of the spirits over his brain in rather a curious way,—he was for kissing all round; which brings to my mind an incident that happened while I stayed in a Highland inn. I had retired for the night and was about to sleep, when a tremendous hammering at the door made some stir. I heard the landlord's voice, in its loudest key, in alternate threatenings in Gaelic and English; at last the door was opened, and there was a great change in the tones of the voice outside and the voice inside. Mine host told me next morning it was a drunk man who would not leave the house when the girl told him; he put him out and barred the door; the man thought he had offended the landlord, and laid siege to the door with fists and stick till allowed in to kiss him, which love-token endearingly bestowed upon mine host, he staggered homeward with peace in his mind. We had in addition to this party,—a doctor

SCARANISH BAY, TIREE.

coming to visit his mother, who lived in Coll; a young Englishman with a fishing-rod, who had left a medical practice for a few days, to whip the burns of Coll and breathe the fine air; a minister's wife; a retired minister and his wife, both in delicate health; the Fiscal of Tobermory, who had a farm in Tiree; the Chief Constable and Sheriff Clerk from Mull, who came to investigate a case of suspected cattle poisoning; and a young Glasgow teacher, who came to be the guest of the Fiscal aforementioned.

It was Saturday evening as we neared the low-lying reaches of sandy shore

A SANDY BAY, TIREE.

and the outlying rocks of Tiree, and the sun was setting peacefully as our steamer came alongside of the stone pier at Scaranish Harbour, and we saw a sand-environed bay with some veteran sloops fixed in the sand—no more to mount o'er the waves of ocean, and spread ample sails to the breeze of heaven—left there, I am told, because it would not be deemed lucky to break them up. A flag-staff was fixed on a sand-hill; some of the homes were within the circuit of the bay; a store-house was near the pier, and a large bare-looking stone building, with slated roof and large windows, at the other side, was pointed out as the Temperance Hotel—the only hotel in the island, and but seldom patronized; so those who want spirits find in the steamboat a house "licensed to retail spirits, porter, and all," and drouthy customers have thus a

special interest in the steamboat sailings. I got a room in the inn, and despite the windiness of the house and the army of earwigs that peopled it, I was very snug: a friend who has been there in winter gives amusing particulars regarding the draughts that are vocal as well as felt in this palace of the winds; he found it necessary to nail up his bed-room windows with many plies of blanket, and thus to allow day and night to glide unnoted past, for all was dark—yet were not the breathings of the winds hushed!

DRUID STONE, TIREE.

Sabbath!—a true Sabbath, a restful day, when all nature sweetly unfolded her beauty; while man, unless blinded, must admire, and if he has been taught to worship, each look at nature would a note of praise call forth, and pave the way for prayer. There was so much of loveliness in every scene, my mind was surfeited with joys: how the far-spreading bay, with its expanse of white shell-sand, was girded by a sea which placidly reflected the blue of heaven; and how the seaweeds left their markings in curious lines just where the last outgoing wavelet left them; the grassy knolls girding the hollow of the bay, and the rock promontories, whose darker tones gave force to the silver lining of the breaking wavelet. The group of cattle longing for the cool waters had left the sand-filled grass and the sultry moor, and

stood among the smooth waters of ebb tide, and had their varied coats of russet and black and grey reflected in the mirror of wet sand. A few church-goers

FISHER'S HUT.

took the near path over the sand, walking barefooted till they would reach the other margin; and then the Tiree cottages* all looked trig and clean, displaying

TIREE FARMHOUSE.

in the broad limewashed window-sills pebbles and beautiful shells brought from the shore, and now and again flowers.

* Appendix. Note M.

The teacher from Glasgow preached in a school-house in English, and his simple testimony concerning the position of believers in Christ, as he opened it out from the Scriptures, was refreshing, and was most heartily appreciated by the islanders, who unfortunately did not form a very large congregation, for the bulk of the people are Gaelic speakers. In Tiree there was a work of revival about three years ago, and credible witnesses gave accounts of many marked cases of conversion.

MULL, LOOKING SOUTH.

It was my happiness to spend the afternoon with the Fiscal, his family, and his guest; and it did one good to note the intense pleasure our friend himself reaped from sharing with us the gifts that loaded his own table. In company we drove to a burying-ground at the back of the island, and saw an ancient place of sepulture where there is a little chapel of unknown antiquity, and human bones exposed to the elements: they are bleached beautifully white; some were as of infants, others seemed of giant size. Surely, the forefathers of these islanders had been mighty men!

Monday was spent among the people, sketching one of the bays, the fisherman's sea-side hut, the farmer's house, a Druid stone that is the only representative of what had been a Druid circle—the base of the others remain in the ground. There are still very many families in Tiree who pay no rent, and

FALL NEAR TOBERMORY, MULL.

these have a settlement of their own, called "The Moss," where some very poor creatures dwell, and must have but a miserable livelihood. I was led thither by the Fiscal, who knows them well and is kind to them. The people of Tiree were very kind, and I had to take tea with a family who had good English, and invited me to come right away and remain their guest while I stayed on the island. Other cottagers the teacher from Glasgow visited gave him a proof of their kindness; they presented him with a large basin of milk: he took a drink of it, and would have left the remainder, but they signalled to him to drink it all, and the old man stood opposite the door to prevent his getting away till he was obliged, in answer to Gaelic gesticulations, to drink all the milk that was in the basin.

The sail back had a lack of incident. We arrived at Tobermory at midnight, and had some difficulty in waking the hotel folks, but at last succeeded; and next day Messrs. D. Hutchison and Co.'s. steamer conveyed us back to Oban.

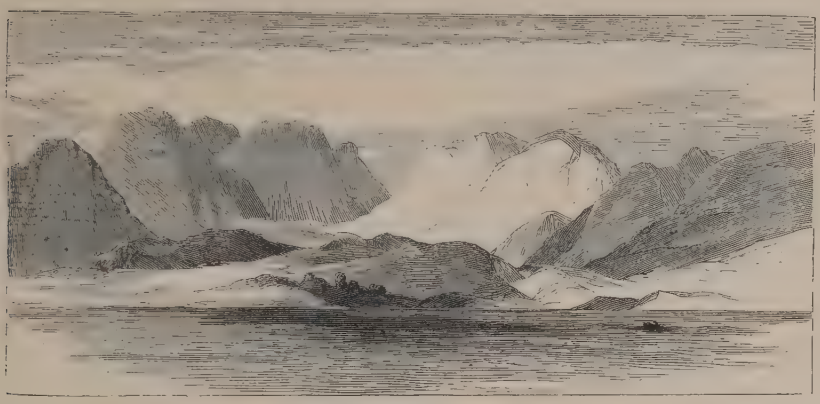
AROS CASTLE, ISLE OF MULL.

DUNOLLY CASTLE, OBAN.

CHAPTER VI.

OBAN Pier is again the starting-point from which the "Clydesdale," the "Clansman," or another of Hutchison and Company's well-equipped steamboats start to bear the traveller out of Kerrera Sound, past Dunolly, past Dunstaffnage, across the opening of Loch Etive, round Lochnell Head, within sight of the Lady Rock, Duart Castle, and the mountains of Mull; having on the right the mountainland of Lorn, whose ever-changing forms fill the mind with admiring wonder; on our left the Isle of Lismore and the coast and far-stretching hills of Morven. As the mellowing light of afternoon is deepening into the shadows that the evening hour casts over hill and valley, and the loch that borders the steep rocky cliffs, we enter Loch Leven and witness a scene of singular impressiveness. The mountains tower into the warm glow of ether in their deep purple mantlings; the trees have garbs of strong rich green; clouds in the hollows 'tween the hills, out of the range of the rays from the bedded sun, take a delicate cool reflected light from the calm space they look up into; all is reflected in the smooth waters of Loch Leven, and you land, thinking if you could fix for ever upon the scene the hues, the peacefulness it wears, you might bring crowds to drink in its beauty, and return the better

men for having looked on the picture. An omnibus awaited us, and we got ourselves and our luggage stowed therein or thereon; but a place in the hotel omnibus does not guarantee that you will find a corner in the house. An eager throng approach a lady who in great style bids you begone, for her hotel is full, while the ostler outside advises you to try again. "She is only a woman, you know, sir, and a little nervous. Say you 'll sleep on a sofa or a table, and you 'll be all right. You see, she is a little put about when so many come all of a heap." One old gentleman took the advice, pleaded his cause with the head maid, and got a place. I preferred to cross the ferry to the

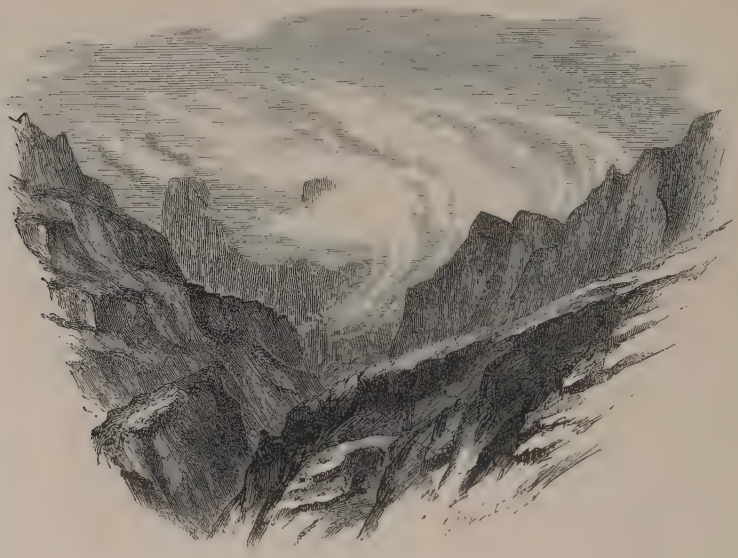


MOUNTAINS OF LORNE.

hotel on the other side, and found there was a spare bed though not a spare room. My room-mate happening to be a policeman, I was at a loss whether to look upon it as a special honour or a special precaution, mine host putting into my room a representative of the force. At table we had a pleasant party, and were in a good mood to converse freely on many subjects, while our waiter, a thorough cockney, who murdered and created the letter *h* with ease, claimed acquaintance with some students and an Episcopal clergyman, in that he also was a fellow, though in another capacity, of Oxford. Many engaged in collegiate service during the session come to the Highland hotels, to reap a second harvest during the tourist season.

Next morning, in company with a student who was endeavouring to read up and learn off portions of his favourite authors during his holiday, I started

for Glencoe; and as we walked by the way, he recited in a very respectable manner Shelley's "Cloud" and Macaulay's description of Glencoe, and other snatches. We did not see the glen to the greatest advantage: the weather was too fine. I give a little sketch of one of the corries filled with a big mist-cloud. The large view of the glen was taken in the broad part of the glen just before it turns eastward and narrows. I hope yet to visit this glen in winter, in the snowy garb it wore when it was the scene of such a sad and treacherous



CORRIE AT GLENCOE.

massacre as we are ashamed should find a place in the records of our mountain land; but glad are we that the voice all over the country has ever been loud and clear, from the day of its perpetration till this hour, in branding it as the deed of one whose heart was set on fire of hell, and that it stands almost alone in our country's records. I met a man in the glen who seemed to know every spot, and gave me the Gaelic names of all the corries. He described to me the glen in a storm—the darkness that mantles it, the springing into life of untold hosts of runlets, the careering in mad fury of the burns as they break through and tower above the channel wherein they are wont to flow; the showers, the

GLENCOE.

careering of the clouds, the thunderings and the lightning-flashings, and the artillery of the winds, as the air-gusts meet the peaks and explode in the hollows of the darksome corries. He pointed out to me the "Thief's Corrie"—a dismal place only accessible at one point—that point the apex of a rocky and almost perpendicular water-course; he said one man could hold the pass against five hundred, and I inclined to agree with him. Now, this place had inside grazing for several hundred head of cattle, so that the dwellers in Glencoe could harry a goodly herd and keep them safely there. A number of Gaelic-shouting plaided Highlanders, with sticks and dogs, might drive them up the steep hill, and then roll a large stone to prevent their escape. Professor Blackie, whose unwearied and enthusiastic efforts on behalf of endowing a Celtic Chair in the Edinburgh University have endeared him to all true Celts, visited the scene frequently, and has penned a poem in which he pictures the peaceful unsuspecting joyousness of the Macdonalds, as they entertained the traitorous guests on the night before the slaughter. I will quote his first Canto:

"The snow is white on the Pap of Glencoe,
And all is bleak and dreary,
But gladness reigns in the vale below,
And all is blithe and cheery,
Where the old Macdonald, stout and true,
Sits in the hall which his fathers knew,
Sits, with the sword which his fathers drew
On the old wall glancing clearly,
Where the dry logs blaze from the huge old hearth,
And the old wine flows that fans the mirth
Of the friends that love him dearly.

"Heavily, heavily lies the snow
On the old grey ash and the old blue pine,
And the cold winds drearily, drearily blow
Down the glen with a moan and a whine;
But little reck they how the storm may bray,
Or the linn may roar in the glen,
Where the bright cups flow, and the light jests play,
Where Macdonald is master of men,
Where Macdonald is king of the feast to-night,
And sways the hour with a landlord's right,
And broadens his smile, and opens his breast,
As a host may do to a welcome guest;
And many a stirring tale he told
Of battle, and war, and chase,
And heroes that sleep beneath the mould,
The pride of his lordly race;
And many a headlong venture grim,
With the hounds that track the deer,
By the rifted chasm's hanging rim,
And the red-scarred mountain sheer.

And many a song did the harper sing
Of Ossian, blind and hoary,
That made the old oak rafter ring
With the pulse of Celtic story;
And the piper blew a gamesome reel,
That the young blood hotly stirred,
And they beat the ground with lightsome heel
Till the midnight bell was heard.
And then to rest they laid them down,
And soon the strong sleep bound them,
While the winds without kept whistling rout,
And the thick snows drifted round them."

Those who would like to read the whole poem will find it in the August number of "Good Words" for 1868. Allow me to quote but one thought more:

"And on the hills a curse doth lie,
That will not die with years;
And oft-times 'neath a scowling sky,
Through the black rent, where the torrent grim
Leaps 'neath the huge crag's frowning rim,
The wind comes down with a moan and a sigh;
And a voice, like the voice of a wail and a cry,
The lonely traveller hears—
A voice, like the voice of Albyn weeping
For the sorrow and the shame
That stained the British soldier's name,
When kingship was in butchers' keeping,
And power was honour's foe;
Weeping for scutcheons rudely torn,
And worth disowned and glory shorn,
And for the valiant-hearted men
That once were mighty in the glen
Of lonely bleak Glencoe."

I walked the glen many miles, and looked back on the few trees, lying far in the hollow, that grow near the place where the massacre is said to have begun; while on either side were deep rock-lined, tree and fern-fringed chasms, leading into seclusions and bleak mountain summits, one could spend long hours exploring. I then returned to the little inn where I had ordered dinner to be ready at an hour early enough to allow me to walk back to Ballachulish in time for the calling of the steamboat on its Fort William route. The landlady was going out to see the workers among her hay some miles down the glen; her man-servant (the Hermit of Glencoe) drove, and she asked if I would come with them as far as they went. The Hermit lives in a small slated cot, with a very tiny cottage window in it, in one of the loneliest corners of the glen. He is about the inn all day, speaks broken English, and in acknowledgment of

SILVER BIRCHES, INVERGARRY.

any kindness will show the suppleness of his old bones by standing on his head for a little time.

The mouth of the Coe valley is unlike the bare and dismal glen, for it boasts many sylvan monarchs; and a fertile strath through which the waters, having left their wild dancing when they bade adieu to the rocky bed farther up, now flow peacefully. The extensive slate quarries, and the long rows of cottages occupied by those who work there, are a strongly-marked feature in the day's walk; while many of the walls are entirely composed of slates fixed into the ground and placed upright: in the churchyard many of the tomb-stones were slate slabs, with painted inscriptions.

As I walked along the road that skirts the southern shore of Loch Leven, I met two fair ones, a Minna and a Brenda, walking leisurely, having as companion a jackdaw. He hopped close to my foot, and waited till I presented him with a bun all to himself, and he had hard work nibbling it and taking it along with him to his home. Most of the cottagers in the neighbourhood keep one or more of these quaint pets.

At a late hour we were landed at Fort William, and slept under the shadow of Ben Nevis, and early next morning we were on our way to Bannavie to join the Caledonian Canal steamboat, and saw in passing the picturesque ruins of Inverlochy Castle, and all along Loch Lochy had good views of mountains, and mist-clouds sweeping down their rugged sides, and noted the work of the winter storms in the great gashes torn by the torrents, and the masses of *débris* that had been quarried and broken small in those fiercer moods. One feat we witnessed at one of the locks was the command the shepherd has over his dogs, and the dogs over the sheep: the man stood by the ship's side; the sheep were scattered over the opposite hill. We noted one dog particularly as he stood looking for the eye and hand and listening for the voice of his master: no sooner was an order given than the dog vigorously obeyed, and then stood stock-still waiting another direction; the sheep were thus driven over the bridge and on board the ship in a very short space of time. I left the canal at Laggan Locks, and was on soil with which I was well acquainted, and soon surprised my good friends who stay in a charmingly wooded nook of Glengarry, and had ample amusement wandering among the hills on either side of the river. There were fine silver birch-trees on one part of the property, and, by making my home at a sheep farm among the hills for a short time, I became acquainted with some very wild bits of scenery, particularly the rugged

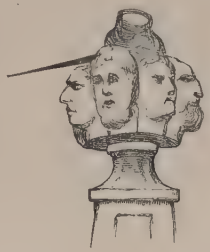
banks of the Laddie Burn. I have sat for days painting there close by the stream, but at times the placid murmur was drowned in the strong rushings of the mountain torrents that came with a deafening noise over the rocky ledge, and in dark brown water and cream-coloured foam o'erflowed the banks and carried on its bosom the loose trees and branches that its force, or the fury of other storms, had uprooted. These spates came suddenly, and as quickly died away, seldom lasting in full power more than an hour and a half. Up Laddie Burn, near to its mountainous source, were many wild rocky spots and fine specimens of weather-tinting, and blasted Scotch firs whose figures took fantastic forms: towards evening these trees looked their best, and when the first frost bound the earth, and the first snow lay on the background hills, they had a winsomeness that caused me to endure the pinching cold to give them a place in my portfolio: unfortunately I have not one left, or a specimen would have found a place in these pages. Another trip worth taking is to Loch Hourn, one of the most impressive of the grand chain of sea-lochs on the west coast. I walked there, *viâ* Loch Garry and Glen Quoich, a distance of between thirty and forty miles, through scenes of engaging interest by moor and rocky hill, and enjoyed days at Loch Hourn Head, filled with exploits among the rocky shelvings and rugged burns, and rambles away for many, many miles along the very rustic path that skirts the hills. If any landscape painter is desirous of a new field that will unfold to him the finer features of Highland landscape, allow me to commend to him Loch Hourn.

Loch Oich on the Caledonian Canal has considerable beauty. The sketch of it I have in the engraving gives the view of it as seen looking south-west from the hill-side on the south bank: when I sat there, many flocks of sheep driven past on their way to the Muir of Ord market, gave a lively look to the scene. Among the trees on the opposite shore are the castles, the old and the new, of Invergarry. I noted with much interest the number of well-planned lovely cottage homes the proprietor is providing for his tenantry; little by little, so many every year, the transformation is going on, and they are encouraged by prizes and other tokens of favour to cultivate flowers and fruits and vegetables; but in some cases the tenants had become so fond of the old crumbling walls and the thatch, that they would not accept a new house with smooth walls, fine large windows, and slated roofs, all built with considerable regard for their picturesque aspect; they would rather have the old home. I doubt not in a few years the old homes will have disappeared from the glen.

ON THE GARRY, INVERGARRY.

Though glad the people should have more comfort, I must own to have so great a love for the old biggings that I will miss them, and would incline to indulge in a little tearful sympathy with the old folks, who are wedded to their thatched cots despite the redolence of peat-reek.

"The Well of the Seven Heads" is by the side of the road leading from Laggan to Invergarry, close to Loch Oich. I have sketched the sculptured heads that adorn the summit of the monument, raised in memory of summary vengeance executed by a chief of Glengarry on the murderers of the Keppoch family: after the heads were severed from the body, they were washed in the well that flows beneath. By walking round the southern shore of Loch Oich, many fine bits of tree and shrub-clad and rock-strewn and rock-crested hill-side are met, and some very pleasing peeps of the water and the opposite rich sylvan slopes, and the stern bare corries above.



WELL OF SEVEN HEADS.

On reaching Fort Augustus, when the steamer is being lowered in the locks towards the loch, tourists have time to look about them. It will soon be known as a centre of Roman Catholic influence, for a large monastic institution is in course of erection on the site of the old fort. It looked dismal enough when I saw it, as if given right over to darkness. It seemed altogether deserted: no martial coat was seen, no sentry on guard, and many of the ancient walls were being pulled down. A strong east wind crested the wavelets on the dark bosom of Loch Ness, rain-clouds gave to each hill a sombre tone; some rocky crags and woodland had deeper and richer hues; while the foreground of heather in full bloom, a corn-field, and potato and turnip rigs, gave other colourings. On board again, the glories of Loch Ness open out to view as the clouds are wafted higher in the region of air; a halt is made at Foyers, where we land, pay toll, and follow the path under leafy shades, and look awhile on the under-fall of Foyers as it rushes with deafening sound, spreading a shower of spray over the gorgeously clothed rock environments. You look up to the fount of this great flood, and see many sweet sprays of flower and shrub and grass fringing the basin, from which it leaps down into the rocky river-bed, where its waters circle and eddy and flow, mourning in white rage their fall from the liberty of their joyous mountain life, and hasten to bury their sorrow in the embrace of the lake that woos them with a gladsome sunlit smile.

The loch is followed by another part of the canal, and here the canal must have been an expensive work, for the banks have required much labour to build; below we see the broad River Ness, and stately pines which have weathered many a rude blast; and when we reach the landing-place, hotel omnibuses and cabs are ready to receive us and carry us where we choose. There are many good hotels in Inverness, and also good private lodgings.

CALEDONIAN CANAL.

It has annually a very gay season during the days of the Highland games, when balls are held, for at that time from far and near there is a gathering of the clans: the games were instituted with that purpose, and have continued to draw together year by year Highland chieftains and men of note, and ladies of rank, accomplishments, and beauty. Many notable marriages have been arranged at these meetings.

Inverness has also had of late years its annual Christian convention. I arrived there during the last day of it, and heard Dr. Bernardo pleading eloquently on behalf of the children he labours so unweariedly to rescue from the streets of our great cities, and also saw a gathering of the colporteurs gathered from the north and west, to get a word of encouragement in their laborious work of carrying pure literature into the homes of those who in numbers of instances live beyond the reach of the minister and the bookseller. The meetings were considered successful, and doubtless those who came to take part in them would get a double benefit from the fine air and the healthful scenes around that beautifully situated city. Long I have lingered by the banks of Ness, looking on the town clinging to and rising above its banks; often have I gone to the castle hill to trace the windings of the stream, which was ever smiling

LOCH OICH, CALEDONIAN CANAL.

back or reflecting the sadder tones of the sky, and to gaze on the distant land of mountain and plain; and I have also spent many hours in rapt admiration of the sylvan pictures that render the walk through the islands on the Ness a walk of walks: it yielded a joy as deep as that I received from the walks on Goat Island, within hearing and seeing of the rapid-flowing waters of Niagara. The rivers are widely different. The Ness is shallow and peaceful, and the murmur of its flowing falls plaintively on the ear, in sympathy with the song of the birds, and the summer tintings of the trees, and the musings of those who seem to love each turning in the paths; while the waters of the rapids of Niagara make the onlooker hold back his breath, and keep back as far as possible from the wild leaping of the swift-rushing waters.

INVERNESS COTTAGES.

In passing through Inverness, do not grudge to halt a night to visit the islands: if the night is moonlit, revisit the scene, and see it under the mellow beams. Another place within easy reach is Culloden Moor; the railway will take you within a few miles. You will have a real country walk and a fine view of Moray Firth and Loch Beauly by the way, and mayhap a little seven-year-old will lead you through curious windings among a forest of the future. I saw among the corn one of the finest subjects a figure painter who loves home bits could desire: a veritable Ruth, as described by Thomas Hood:

"She stood breast-high amid the corn,
Clasped by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

"On her cheek an autumn flush
Deeply ripened—such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

"Round her eyes her tresses fell,—
Which were blackest none could tell,
But long lashes veiled a light
That had else been all too bright.

"And her hat with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim;
Thus she stood amid the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks."

The field still retains its sad interest, and the pile of stones gathered recently to prepare for raising a suitable memorial have already got the grey lichens and the tintings which nature gives, and it looks as if raised over the graves of the slain. The moor is very bleak, and a circular patch is dyked off with turf and hemmed in by a wood of young firs. Towards evening, as the shades deepened and the ground darkened, and the impenetrable mystery of the fir woods was intensified, the scene spoke more powerfully of the battle which left many of our kilted heroes on the field cold and stiff. We will let the shade deepen into night, and under the curtain of night leave the scene and its sadness, while we seek to have glimpses of other places made sacred to us by other associations.

INVERGARRY CASTLE, LOCH OICH.

CULLODEN.

ON THE CONON, NEAR DINGWALL.

CHAPTER VII.

On our way from Inverness to the west we went out of the train at the Muir of Ord, of cattle-market fame. It was the day for the sale of sheep, and we saw many little lots under the guardianship of shepherds and collie dogs; eager buyers were going from group to group, judging their respective merits—now taking a hold of a sheep to feel his weight, and noting the quality of his fleece. The market was principally composed of lambs of varied breed and from many diverse parts of the country. Showers were frequent. I was not in a position to judge regarding the character of the market in any particular,

but was quite satisfied that in skilful hands it afforded scope for a good telling picture.

I came out again at Conon Station, having a desire to see some of the little bits on the river. The river abounds in such bits as the subject of the engraving, and has many finer; but the painter who would desire to do justice to this theme would do well to ask permission to visit the grounds from the proprietress, and thus privileged, go deliberately day after day earnestly to study his subject. There are fine trees and lovely bendings of the river; some of the trees are themselves subjects worthy of being painted.

Another little sketch I give my reader is the view taken from the stone bridge over the Conon, looking towards its outflow into Cromarty Firth. A fine walk is had by following the river-bank, full of choice foreground bits and nooks of wild flowers and brushwood. When I was there, groups of fine cattle were grazing on the rich grass, that made me covet the power of the animal painter. You may, too, chance to meet a young naturalist, who, like the now famous Banffshire shoemaker, is pursuing the "beasties" he loves so dearly, which love often cost "Edwards" a high price. Any reader who may not have read the story of his life by Smiles I cordially recommend to make the acquaintance of this enthusiastic student of all the fauna within his reach, and I have confidence the perusal of the "Life of a Scotch Naturalist" will be esteemed by you no mean treat.

FROM CONON BRIDGE.

I find in my sketch chart for this chapter Lochs Torridon and Maree as the next points of call. Magnificent subjects they are; but how are they reached? Fortunately, or unfortunately, that is easy work now: the iron horse speeds you along, past some very deep cuttings in the rock, as, after leaving Ding-

wall, you steam under the shades of Knockfarrel, which has on its summit a very fine vitrified fort; past Strathpeffer Wells, Castle Leod, Lochs Garve and Luichart, through Strath Bran, till you reach Auchnasheen, where you change steam for horse-power, and get a little exercise in patience, waiting in the drizzling rain till the horses are rested, re-yoked, and ready for starting. One Highlander was in a fix regarding his dog: he would not pay the fare for his collie; the official threatened to take him—the dog—as a hostage; Dugald warned him Prince would "grip him" if he dared. The poor dog seemed to know all about it, for in fear and trembling he waited behind his master, hanging his tail most ignobly. It ended in the fare being paid with a very bad grace. Our mail gig party consisted of the Highlander who owned the dog, a woman with a very large bundle, a young man just home from his studies at a school in Germany, going to join a family party at Gairloch, and two men I would judge to be shepherds, possibly coming from Muir of Ord after selling their sheep. Our driver got the mail bags stowed away, and made his horses strike out in good style. We had ample occupation watching the play of the clouds over the sides of the hills, and the bits of rugged moor and moss and flowing stream that enlivened the way; but at a turning within some three miles of the inn of Kinlochewe, as we were about to pass the east-going mail gig with its complement of travellers, our driver jerked the horses into a ditch, which upset our machine and broke one of the springs. Fortunately nobody was hurt. After the horses were released from the machine and the ditch, we walked leisurely to the inn, only regretting that the clouds hung so heavily over Loch Maree that it was completely obscured. A horse and cart were dispatched for the luggage, and another machine completed the journey to Gairloch.

I waited at Kinlochewe. After dinner I wandered towards Maree, and was favoured with a partial uplifting of the clouds, so that I saw the mountains dip their stony feet in the wind-rippled lake, and saw one or two of the nearer fir-crowned knolls looking their loveliest because relieved against bright breakings in the cloud. The sketch in the engraving was taken that evening.

Next morning I joined two English clergymen early at the breakfast-table, and agreed to join them in hiring to Loch Torridon. The gig held the four comfortably, and we had a feast for our eyes all the way. I cannot express to you the charm that hangs about a mountain like Ben Each as the mists swathe its rocky sides; they rise, they fall, they whirl, they soar as on wings of light,

they cast shadows, they give grand mystery, and anon reveal some hidden dell, some great bare precipice, or perhaps display a glowing patch of verdure. Now you have castles grim towering to heaven; again, a storm-beat wall of cliff, the mist surgings beneath imitating the motions of the waves of ocean; now you seem to get a peep of fairyland, and think you see the dwellers in a city of light: again, the veil seems as if hiding a very abode of woes, dark places of gloom. I expect each one will take from these misty illusions, creations congenial to his own mind. I do not envy those who only see in them the messengers of evil tidings, forebodings of rain, and who think the landscape is devoid of loveliness because the sun does not shine—because there is not an Italian sky overhead, and that the open car or gig he travels in is not a Pullman car. We had not only the glories of the mist-workings on the sides of Bens Each and Leagach on our right; we had Ben Lair, which was now and again seen with the deep cloud-shades falling over his rocky summit and his tree-lined base. We saw in its sequestered wildness, and girded by stately pines, Loch Clair, and viewed the untamed stream that in turn feeds and then flows from it. At a point about a mile above Loch Torridon we parted company: the lad drove back to Kinlochewe; the ministers took the foot-track that leads over the hill to Shieldaig,—to stay at the inn there overnight, and pursue their journey southward and homeward next morning. I waited, to have the remaining part of the day sketching. The weather was not very propitious, but I had ample reason for thankfulness. I had for a season a

BEN ALLIGAN, LOCH TORRIDON.

sight of Ben Alligan, and am enabled to give my readers a look of that respected Ben: Ben among mountains seems synonymous to a baronetcy or higher honour given to human Bens, whose brain-power overtops that of their rivals. Torridon was altogether different from what I expected. I had heard it spoken of as the grandest of our salt-water lochs. It seemed a peaceful loch, with flat arms of land going out into the ocean, without any marks of

COTTAGE, LOCH TORRIDON.

the rugged or the grand; but then the only view I can speak of is the outlook. Had I been on one of those basements, how grandly might not the Bens, whose features so enamoured us in the glen, have frowned! The more vividly I call back the character of these mountains, I am the more willing to credit the statement that Torridon merits a foremost place among our Scottish sea-lochs. I am able to let you see a specimen of a Torridon cottage: if you saw it in the rich colourings that made it glitter, you would admire it more.

A table was spread for me by a poor lame girl who lived close under the mountain-side: she kept house while her father and mother and brother were out at field work. Her brother was the only person I could get to speak

English to me. As I was getting hungry, and the inn marked in the map was some miles away, I asked the lad could he tell me of a cottage where I might have a cup of tea. In about twenty minutes thereafter he came to lead me to his own home, where all was spread out in very nice style, although the cottage was a very small one and almost devoid of furniture or material wealth.

When the rain began to drizzle more persistently, and the day was nearing its close, I deemed it wise to make for home; but twice I was constrained to halt by the way,—once to sketch a rocky gully in the face of Ben Leagach, and again to sketch Glen Torridon towards darkening. It was very dark when I reached the inn, and I was glad to be indoors, beside a gentleman who was using his holiday from an important city appointment in filling his basket with good trout and salmon, and his portfolio with fresh views of Loch Maree.

IN GLEN TORRIDON, ROSS-SHIRE.

Morning scattered again the few guests at the inn. The gentleman who fished and painted left for his city home, while I pursued my journey Lewisward. We breakfasted at an early hour. At eight I was on my way, having entrusted my knapsack to Annie the maid, to be sure and have it placed in the mail gig to meet me at Gairloch. The scene from the heathy knoll where I stood was, though grey, exquisitely fresh. Nature seemed meditating whether or not to unveil the glories of the mist-draped glens. We saw the carpeting of the low country, and the many objects that diversified its surface; the smoke from the shooting-lodge, the inn, the smithy, the merchants' houses, and the crofters' thatched huts, rose in circling wreaths to meet the clouds; a gentle spray of mist fell here and there, the sun struggled with the cloudy spirit to unveil the mountain ranges, the small birds chirped around me, the

LOCH MAREE.

crows uttered their kaw, kaw, kaw! the water-wagtail blithely verified the justice of his retaining that name; while I stood jotting a few notes in pencil, the midges, fierce cannibals! came to break their fast on my cheeks; many sparrows found their morning meal on the roadway; a peat-bog displayed very rich sparkling colour; the bog is full of tree-roots, roots of no mean proportion: would that pictures had been painted and preserved of the glory of these glens in the days when those sylvan monarchs weathered the blast! The heather was fading, but some fresh bits still bloomed, and the light lavender of the blossom, and the delicate green of the leaves, the many-tinted lichens and mosses, lent increased richness of tone to the deep purple and brown of the uneven bog, further brightened by the sky light reflected in the many water-pools. There were rough heathy knolls, rustic peat-stacks; a roadway with a border varied by rushes, moss, clover, buttercups, and some sturdy plants of ragweed. A girl passed in travelling attire, warmly clad, a bundle on her back carried in a shawl tied over her chest, a fine display of the bonnet-makers flowering on her head, and armed with an umbrella of respectable proportions. Glen Torridon was at rest in the misty shade. The river that flows through it was hid by a rise on the near hill-side; but I could see the water-courses on the massive mountain wall on the other side that flow into it; these wind gracefully and discover an infinite variety of combinations of rocky form. Their sources are under the clouds; the cloudlets dip into them sportively. Who could catalogue the colours or trace their bound on one part of the mountain? it would be as easy to count the sands of ocean strand, or tell the numbers of the stars. I stood looking a long while, trying to define the bounds of particular tints: it was impossible; the broad masses I might, the niceties were far too subtle. The original has had many millions of delicate and strong touches ere it received the glory it has reached. We know not all it came through in the days of its upheaval,—the sculpturing the glaciers wrought,—the eventful storms in its history each deep scar commemorates. Nor do we know much of those who may, in the days when its history became associated with human deeds, have lived, and fought, and worshipped under his shades; but we may trace the markings of Time's brush as he dips it in sunshine or pelting shower and weltering mists, in rushing winds and roaring cataract, or gives the brush to stern King Frost to coat with fleecy snow and fix his colour by his biting frosts. There is a patch of cultivated ground in the vale, where cottage homes, with their thatched roofs and whitewashed walls, stand, amid yellow corn,

green crop, and meadow-grass, in marked contrast to the rich velvety colours of the mountain setting. The ridge of hill to the right of Loch Maree as you look from the south has a bold outline of rock; a torrent has cut into its solid massive side, and worn for itself a bed in its bosom, while a huge shoulder hides from view its deepest gorge; the hilly buttresses have richest tinting of deep green, olive, brown, purple, indigo hues, pearly greys and warm yellows; the water-courses are marked with purple, save where recent floods have laid bare a sandy soil; perpendicular and overhanging precipices are near the head of the loch; many of the cliffs are crowned with heather, and the steep slopes relieved by a rich growth of ferns, flourishing most when they enjoy a southern exposure.

I have a few notes jotted down on the spot: I believe they will be more suggestive to the reader if I give them as I find them in the note-book. I passed two wee lasses, a kilted seven-year-old boy, and an old man, with a strong staff, faded coat, careworn face, and weather-worn hat. A rocky defile, a quiet glen, with feathery larches; the pass between Ben Sleoch and Fin Ben —a little battalion of silver birches, as if climbing up; firs guard the pass; plentiful supply of stony *débris* ready for ammunition. The heather was deep purple, the *débris* a purple grey, and the hollow inside the pass still wore a delicate green, while the multitude of the bracken clan were clothed in orange and buff. A hill is seen behind; on the near side a wondrous range of cliffs boldly looked out over a forest of firs; falls trickled down their weather-darkened sides; the dense mist-clouds met them only in fitful intervals, revealing a little of their sternness. The firs are of noble rank, and proudly claim their place as monarchs of the lake; while the birches are contented to claim less exalted places, and give grace and beauty to the ranks as their glancing silver-coated armour shines, and their gay plumage, green and golden, waves in the breeze. A lower line of hills lay between the cliffs and Lake Maree: faded leaves form a fringe to its borders. Sleoch remained with his head buried in the clouds. The silver birches seemed to have characters as varied as the figures of the men we meet: I noted very many with a foreground and background quite distinct, each a complete picture.—But I must not weary my reader with an endless catalogue of items. As we advanced we found more open country, and got a more extended view of the truly marvellous cliff mountains, hid from our view before by the trees we were among; we come to the wild Grudie Burn—pine-trees waved in fantastic lines their arms over the rock-embedded waters,

RAVINE, LOCH MAREE-SIDE.

as if listening to their songs, gathered amid the desolation reigning among the peaks. As I looked at it, I got a peep of Ben Sleoch peering through the big cloud mantle. Loch Maree in its glory I had not seen; it is said to look its loveliest when the sun shines, with a blue sky and white clouds, and its islands are set like emeralds on a sea of amethyst shade, when Sleoch is smiling and the lesser mountains are decked in bright tints. I got into the mail gig at Talladale, where a fine new hotel is built, and enjoyed much the drive to Gairloch. The evening was very peaceful, and I was not inclined to ramble any farther. I looked out on the sunset and the after effects while the light lasted from Gairloch Hotel; and purpose, while I am supposed to be waiting the arrival of the steamboat for Lewis in the smoking-room (which is also the reading-room of the house), to glean for you a reminiscence or two of a short stay at Dundonald, a place about twenty miles from Gairloch as the crow flies.

I have a vivid recollection of filling our horse fou. In going there we had the loan of a friend's horse; he seemed very tired. We heard whiskey would recruit him, but found to our cost that whiskey goes to a horse's brain much in the same way as to a man's. At a very critical part of the way he began to reel, and instead of his carrying us, we had to get out and hold him up, as people do who have to oxter a drunk friend home. Another vivid reminiscence relates to a shepherd, who imagined we had poisoned him. I had not in those days looked at the real aspects of the drink question—had not seen the responsbility that rests on each one to be guiltless in regard to that which is sapping our country of some of its brightest intellects, and killing numbers of her sons possessed of generous impulsive natures. And so, a brother artist and myself, starting for a painting campaign, had in our store a bottle of Highland whiskey, labelled by my friend, who was a Highlander, as a precautionary measure—"Turpentine." This bottle was the feeder of the pocket-flask, and the cup we used was sometimes used for real turpentine in cleaning brushes or like work. When wandering over the hills we met a shepherd, exchanged courtesies, and offered him a glass. He drank it gladly, asking no questions. The factor, who was with us, asked him, in Gaelic, if he knew what he had taken. He told him it was turpentine. The shepherd grew pale and left us at once, and tried to rid his stomach of the dread stuff, and thereafter went home to his bed, expecting to die. We called at the cottage at night, and found he was very ill, and it was not till the factor assured him he was joking, and

that he had swallowed none other than the best of whiskey, that he rose from bed, and Donald was himself again.

Dundonald is at Little Loch Broom, between mighty mountains, close by a very fine burn. I have given one or two little bits,—one a corrie, the other a peep among the mountains, taken in a day of fierce blasts, when we crossed the hill to Loch-na-Shallag, and stayed in a shooting-box till the sportsmen came, and we shifted camp to a shepherd's cottage, and shared the one sleeping-room with our entertainers, and were fed in true Highland style—milk and potatoes, tea, home-baked bread and eggs, and now and again venison. The evening hour, when we were gathered round the fire of peat fuel, and the collie dogs were of our company, was full of interest. We saw the first snows fall before we left, and that gave a new charm to the very stern mountains that hedged in the glen.

On the day of my starting for the south there was a funeral of one of the old Dundonald worthies, and from far and near the Highlanders came in their ample plaids and Scotch bonnets, most of them clothed in home-made clothes of deep indigo dye. Overshadowed by very solemn mountain corries, and under the ample branches of the trees by the banks of the river, they sadly gathered, and then slowly carried the old friend along the path by the river-side, to bury him in one of the most lonesome spots near the head of the loch.

I will drop the thread of my narrative here: you may take it up again at Chapter IX., for that which treats of Skye comprises recollections of rambles within the last few years.

AMONG THE DUNDONALD MOUNTAINS.

OPPOSITE THE CUIRAING.

CHAPTER VIII.

I DESIRE to allow Mr. Alexander Nicholson, a son and a lover of Skye, the Isle of Mist, to introduce this famed isle to the reader by quoting to them his Edinburgh summer song, entitled "The Isle of Skye":

The beautiful isles of Greece
Full many a bard has sung:
The isles I love best lie far in the west,
Where men speak the Gaelic tongue.
Ithaca, Cyprus, and Rhodes,
Are names to the muses dear;
But sweeter still doth Icolmkill
Fall on a Scotsman's ear.

Let them sing of the sunny South,
Where the blue Ægean smiles;
But give to me the Scottish sea
That breaks round the Western Isles!
Jerusalem, Athens, and Rome,
I would see them before I die!
But I'd rather not see any one of the three,
Than be exiled for ever from Skye.

What are the wonders there,
Stranger, dost ask of me?
What is there not, I reply like a Scot,
For him who hath eyes to see?
But if you're a delicate man,
And of wetting your skin are shy,
I'd have you know, before you go,
You had better not think of Skye!

Lovest thou mountains great,
Peaks to the clouds that soar,
Corrie and fell where eagles dwell,
And cataracts dash evermore?
Lovest thou green grassy glades,
By the sunshine sweetly kist,
Murmuring waves, and echoing caves?
Then go to the Isle of Mist!

The Matterhorn 's good for a fall,
If climbing you have no skill in,
But a place as good to make ravens' food,
You can find upon Scoor-nan-Gillean.
And there will you see at Strathaird,
That grotto of glittering spar,
With its limpid pool, where mermaids cool
Their brows when they travel from far.

There frowns the dark Coiruisk,
Which made the great wizard wonder—
Even Voltaire might have worshipped there,
Methinks, in the time of thunder!
There towers the wild Cuiraing,
With its battlements grim and high;
And the mighty Storr, with its pinnacles hoar,
Standing against the sky.

Sail round the cliffy west,
And, rising out of the main,
You there shall see the Maidens three
Like choosers of the slain:
And go where you may,
With a new and deep surprise,
The Coolin blue will fill your view,
And fix your gazing eyes.

Were I a sovereign prince,
Or professor at large in vacation,
I 'd build me a tower in the Isle of Skye,
At the expense of the nation;
And there, like a sea-king, I 'd reign,
But with a more gentle rule—
I 'd harry no cattle nor slay any man,
But I 'd drive all the children to school!

There, in the bright summer days,
Stretched on the sward I would be,
And gaze to the west on Blaven's crest,
Towering above the sea:
And I 'd watch the billowing mist
Rolling down his mighty side,
While up from the shore would come evermore
The music of the tide.

And when the sun sinks to his rest,
'Mid glory of orange and red,
There will flash the light of a thousand spears
On Blaven's cloudy head;
And each turreted ridge of black
Is lit with a flame of gold,
As they hang on high, 'twixt earth and sky,
A wondrous sight to behold!

Pleasant it is to be here
With friends in company,
But I would fly to the Isle of Skye
To-morrow, if I were free!
Dunedin is queenly and fair—
None feels it more than I—
But in the prime of the summer-time,
Give me the Isle of Skye!

Those who are well acquainted with this charming isle of the sea will have full sympathy with him who, 'mid the bustle of city life, thus sings in praise of his native isle. There is a wondrous fascination about this isle, not only for sons of the soil, but for those born in scenes we are wont to esteem more lovely. The Coolin Mountains have a mighty power in drawing forth emotions of admiration and awe, and the appreciation of John Macwhirter's pictures of "Coiruisk," in all its stern sublimity, by all classes of people, discovers a much more general appreciation of the grander aspects of nature than we would credit the ordinary picture-loving public to possess. It was seeing his picture of "Mountain Silence" made me long to see the darksome mountain-girt lake in its weird lonesomeness with an intense longing.

I will suppose my reader has landed at Portree Bay, and, having secured

comfortable quarters in one of the hotels or private lodgings, is ready to bear me company in having a look at some of the more interesting scenes.

Portree, or Port Righ—"the King's Port"—is not without attractions. I have spent months very happily there; but my enjoyment of the place was considerably enhanced by the geniality of the worthy postmaster and family with whom I stayed, and the pleasing intercourse I enjoyed with some Skye friends. It is the centre from which we may most conveniently start for the Coolins, the Cuiraing, the Storr, or Prince Charlie's Cave; and itself is charmingly set in a cliffy, tree-clad nook, sheltered by a huge promontory that stretches its protecting arm far into the sea, and looks as if it fain would clasp in its stony embrace the other shore. The bay has an inner and an outer bed, divided by a rocky knoll covered with varied trees, under whose leafage and rock walls are sweet secluded paths where lovers may whisper and poets create. This knoll is crowned by an open tower of a very humble kind, from which a fine view of the Coolins to the south and the Storr Rock to the north may be had. The inner bay at full tide has all the appearance of a deep arm of the sea; but at ebb its bed lies for miles exposed, and the natives are wont to wade from shore to shore, to save the long circuitous route described by the carriage road on the side of the hill; the outer basin is deep, and gives anchorage to some shipping. The town stands on the top of a cliff, but the water-side has also some ten or twelve houses lining its edge. At eventide the harbour is robed in a garb of glory; the water is hushed to a lake-like stillness, and reflects the cliff and its crowning of human dwellings and the trees that fringe their base and rob them of their baldness. The cliff to the north has fir-trees, one or two of which come in fine relief against the exquisite tones of

PORTREE BAY, ISLE OF SKYE.

the pale twilight; the clouds, mayhap, carried in circling wreaths by a western breeze, whose powerful rushings are powerless to disturb the calm that reigns in the sheltered bay, which reflects alike the shimmer of twilight, the fleeting cloudlets, the dim lights from the houses, the branches of the trees, and the rock-embowered setting of the royal port; while safely the steamer, the yacht, or the small boat floats in quiet restfulness, casting into the still waters a reflex image, in which each jot and tittle is faithfully reproduced.

COTTAGES, STORMY HILL, SKYE.

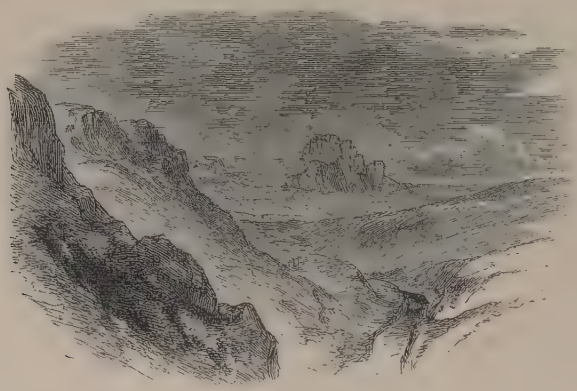
In moonlight it is not less lovely, and some can tell of a moonlight trip from the bay to Prince Charles's Cave, of wandering by the cliffs in the mellow light, and seeing the cave with the aid of strong torches: such trips are exceedingly enjoyable.

There is a road on the brae-head, Portree, where you can see a number of very primitive cottages: it is known as "Stormy Hill." Certain it is, in stormy weather, from any point of the compass you will have a blow on Stormy Hill, and it does further seem as if it were tenanted by those who in the voyage of life have weathered storms quite as real, — long sickness, pinching poverty, and mayhap, in some cases, that very terrible malady when it becomes chronic, a disinclination to regular work; and their present lot is one of storms, —few comforts and short allowance even of the needs of life within doors, and the wintry blasts without; and failing health and increasing age give small prospect of much more of the sunshine or fewer of the blasts on this side of

the dark River Jordan. As they are for the most part Gaelic-speaking folk, it is difficult to learn from themselves much of their true circumstances; but there are friends in Portree who would gladly assist any who would like to be helpful to the dwellers on Stormy Hill. You would marvel to know that even in that locality Sectarianism has raised its voice. I am told there are two sisters who dwell under one roof, and cannot speak to one another, for the one is a Free Churcher and the other is a Baptist; and that one gave to the other cause of great offence, having put cream in the tea of the other when such kind office was not desired. I mention the case of the Free Church and the Baptist adherent because, although it is a very extreme case, it unfolds to us what exists to a large extent in the Highlands of Scotland,—a strong sectarian rivalry.

I could lead you to a widow's one room in Portree where a very different spirit is breathed, viz., the love that thinketh no ill, and embraces by earnest entreaties at a throne of grace friend and foe; one of those who are living epistles of Jesus Christ, known and read of all who do not wilfully blind their eyes; having nothing, yet rejoicing in having all things; able with Paul to rejoice in tribulation; knowing how to abound and how to suffer need. I spent many pleasant hours with this invalid disciple of Jesus, and am persuaded that such testimony of the power of Christ to sustain His trusting ones in circumstances of trial is more weighty in convincing doubters and strengthening weak believers than elaborate volumes of abstruse theology. There used to be a young man with a weak mind, who lived in one of the humble cottages that skirted the inner portion of Portree Bay: he was known as John the Preacher, and was remarkable for the sunny joyfulness of expression that lit up his sparkling small dark eyes. He often got a barrel out of one of the shops, and taking his stand at a corner of the street, spoke long though not very connectedly, yet his words were full of Scripture truth. The children loved John, and few could do other than return a smile in answer to his, which was ever like a perennial summer; and when one suit of clothes was worn done, it was a joy to everybody to see John rigged out anew from head to foot. Some were fond of teasing him, and tried to make him lose his temper; but that proved fruitless labour. Sometimes he took preaching tours, and for this purpose he visited the mainland. I am told his body was found by the roadside in a snowstorm while he was on one of these tours. We have good reason to hope that he is with the Lord, and is able to echo forth our Saviour's words: "I thank

thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes." Then there is Norman the Colporteur, whose brawny hand would grip you like a vice while he shakes your arm up and down, smiles, gives your hand another hearty shaking, and then smiles again in token of the gladness of his heart at meeting a *freend*. And surely, when one considers the weary miles Hector has to carry his pack of books, it is but a small good service to render him to give him a little of that much more portable article, silver, in exchange for one or two of the excellent assortment of books supplied to him by the Tract Society, whose servant he is.



STORR ROCK, ISLE OF SKYE.

There are pleasing walks near Portree. One leads you to a lovely burn called Scorriebreak, away round the coast by the Black Rock, and round the cliffs where Prince Charlie's Cave is; but I advise my reader not to try to find that cave alone. I tried that, and, not succeeding, did not like to be beaten, but a second effort proved as fruitless as the first, though it cost much clambering up cliff and down cliff. The easiest way is in calm weather to take a boat, and thereafter get the boatmen to row you to the point on the shore near Storr; though I must sound a note of warning: a very stiff climb awaits you in seeking to reach the Storr by that route. I went along the cliffs and had a very gay time, being so happy as to have for companions and guides some of the fair islanders, whose youthful enthusiasm enabled them to bound over the heather and rock like the sportive lambs we met, and whose love for the little

objects of beauty by the way discovered to me treasures among the rock and moor I might have passed by unheeded. Add to this that my young friends had a native love of superstitious tales, and through a knowledge of Gaelic had hearts that beat in sympathy with all the families who lived within a great circuit of miles; and it is not easy to imagine a visit to the famed Storr

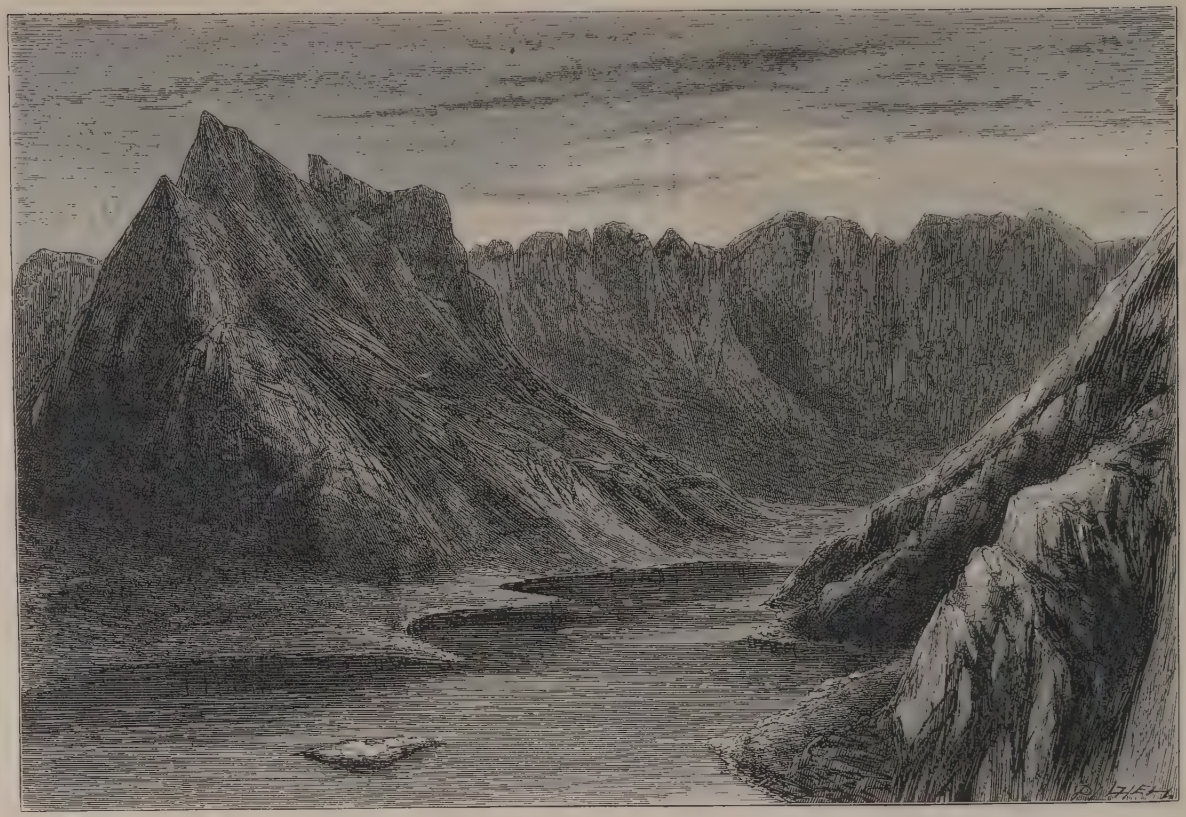
GLAMAIG WATER, ISLE OF SKYE.

Mountain under more favourable auspices. One particular more: we had a basket with us amply stored with the choicest of farm produce by the kind forethought of a mother's heart, and we religiously restrained our appetites till on the summit of Storr Mountain: with the glowing expanse of sea and mountain range and island, and the magnificent array of cloud landscape that floated far and near, it was a treat worth travelling far to enjoy. The path is not for those who would travel with kid boots: it is often over rugged rocks and by marshy pools: go prepared for these, and all is well.

The visit to Coiruisg I purpose describing is not in company with light-hearted joyous Skye young ladies, but with a preacher of the Gospel—a doctor of divinity deputed by the United Presbyterian Synod to officiate for a few weeks in the little church they have in a snug position on the wooded hill that overlooks and guards Portree Bay. We left the town towards dusk, while the mellow shades of evening gave a degree of poetic grandeur even to the minor features of the mountain-side we skirted and the seaward-looking bay, and gave to the ancient town and the Storr beyond, as both were calmly reflected in the water, a visionary semblance that might have aided him whose mind was well stored with legendary lore in creating an enchanted land, where spirit bands might hold their revels and work their wonders.

Our way led us out of sight of the bay, and we were within hearing, and also could trace, the rocky stream that coursed seaward from the mighty mountains that form the Coolin range. I endeavoured to paint a picture of this scene, but again and again legions of midges drove me from the spot: I got a phial of essence supposed to keep them away, but alas! in vain. I have yet to learn an effectual protective against the midge. I believe tobacco-smoke is the most effectual, but to one not a smoker it would require to be a case of hiring another to the office of smoking away the midges—a work many would gladly undertake, for tobacco is looked on in the Highlands as a very great good, almost as essential as the whiskey. As we neared Sligachan the moon was shedding her mild beams over Glamaig and the other Bens, and gave great height to their massive forms. We rested quietly and most comfortably in Sligachan Inn, than which I cannot imagine a better retreat in the early summer or late autumn, either before or after the great throng, who, coming from north and south to it in the height of the tourist season, make it a place of stir. Its proximity to the crags of the mighty Scoor-nan-Gillean, or "Crag of the Young Men," and to the stream that is fed by the waters that gather on its massive ramparts, are a great attraction.

We rose betimes next morning and wandered up a small rocky burn. A collie dog came to bear us company, and we were as if old friends. My friend could not resist the temptation presented by a lovely rock-lined pool in the burn. The sun shone with cheering ray, the heather was blooming. In a minute my friend was unrobed; but no sooner was this accomplished than, as if at a given signal, myriads of midges having all the vigour of youth covered him from head to foot, and he wildly rushed into the pool to be free from his



LOCH COIRUISG.

tormentors: he had travelled over many parts of the world, but declared never was he so tortured before; on coming out of the water the struggle was renewed in terrible earnest.

After breakfast we left the inn and got on the track, which, with care, need not be lost sight of in good weather, except in haze or severe rain, when there is danger at one or two places, where a ceaseless flow of moisture over a rich soil keeps the grass so green and the ground so soft, no path is traceable now and

SCOOR-NAN-GILLEAN, ISLE OF SKYE.

again. It is truly a sublime glen: you can scarcely allow the eye to leave for a minute the mighty mountain walls on either side (for some new scar, or crag, or corrie, or leaping cataract is ever being discovered), and their charming variegation of shade and tint among the mosses, rock, and grass, or among the heath and the heather-bell. When you come opposite the still dark shades that dwell in Heart o' Corrie, you linger and look and look, and it is difficult to keep from going into its solemn shades awhile, to breathe but one short prayer 'mid such stillness and grandeur, and to see the inner corrie the map tells you hides further in. On the westward side of Heart o' Corrie a path is traced winding up the hill; it is reached by fording the burn that flows through the glen. This is the path generally chosen by visitors going to Coiruisg, and once the hill-top is reached, the guides are quite contented to allow the visitor to see a small corner of lake. Those who know better will not rest contented with such a meagre peep of a lake so singularly grand, but will round the hill

rather more than another mile to the west, and when the dark lake is full in view, sit down to drink a long look from that favourable point of view. On this occasion we kept the path that led to Camasunary, as I was acquainted with the farmer there, and had fear lest my friend might be over-fatigued if he attempted the return journey the same day. Under the shades of Blaven* we walked, and when the waters of the Atlantic met our view, we scanned the landscape eagerly for a human dwelling; nor did we do so in vain, for the homely farmhouse and steading lay snugly surrounded by some patches of cultivated ground. On reaching the house we learnt with sorrow that one lay a corpse within, waiting burial on the morrow. It was a sad house, but this did not prevent our host exercising towards us the truest Highland hospitality, and my friend, who was a man of large-hearted sympathy and knew the alone balm for wounded spirits, came a messenger of glad tidings timely sent. The deceased was one of the maid-servants of the house, and had only been a day or two unwell when it ended in death; her sister in service was much grieved, as also was the master of the house. Her mother was there and other friends, but did not know any English. All came in to worship, and many of the mourners would doubtless have each word translated faithfully to them afterwards.

As there was a necessity for our being back to Portree on the morrow, owing to a united prayer meeting advertised for that night, if we were to see Coiruisg it had need to be that evening, and a boat's crew were placed at our service. My friend must first have a bathe in Loch Scavaig; lovelier beach could not be found in the sunny south by the shore of the Mediterranean: it was of pure sand, and extended from rock mountain to rock mountain, and along this smooth sand-bed the rippling waters flowed sweetly; the only practical difficulty was that there was no depth of water, and the only course open to the bather was to lie down and allow the water to flow over him.

Although the afternoon had much of a calm beauty about it, we were advised to lose no time if we would see Coiruisg. We got into the little boat, and a short row shut out from view the little corner where Camasunary has its most majestic mountain environment, and we were gliding close under rocky cliffs at the base of giant Trodhu, a towering guardian of the lake, whither we were bound: clouds, from whence we could not tell, were pouring down through each

* Appendix. Note N.

rugged pass, and we were soon in a scene of mystery—seeing little of the stern features of Mount Trodhu, or the shelving heights of Garsven, on whose massive basement piles are conspicuous glacier markings. Our Gaelic oarsmen knew every spot in the coast we kept on our right, and landed us at a jutting rock to find our way to Coiruisg, in the hope that the clouds might lift a little and the rain moderate, for by this time a wetting small rain was falling. The lad was deputed to guide us, while the man remained to watch the boat and doubtless enjoy a smoke. We were in wonderland!—a place of rocky mounds and crags and beetling cliffs: a stone-strewn waste, carpeted with tufts of heath and grass, and having little streamlets wandering over hill and down vale; a steep rushing stream, fed from the waters of Coiruisg, rushed towards Scavaig. After waiting awhile, looking into the dark curtain of grey ever-deepening rain-cloud, that hid from our view alike the mountain and lake, we rejoiced to discover still darker patches of colour, caused by the sterile rock being left unmasked; and for a brief season the cloud rose heavenward, as a veil might be lifted from a lovely face: we got one glimpse of the dark inland lake and the little islets on its bosom—one look of the stern rock ramparts that gird it, and a look at the peaked monarchs beyond, who ever reign in their own domain, untrod by the foot of man. The original sketch for the picture engraved was taken on another occasion.

The next morning was one of earnest rain, and our host was urgent in entreaty that we should not leave in such a day, and I will not soon forget the expression of sadness that was marked on the servant-girl's face as she saw us determined to leave, and make for the eastward path. My friend was mounted on the trusty steed of our kind entertainer, whose only regret was he could not mount me on another. As we left the glen we saw figures wrapped in plaids coming over the hill that divides Camasunary from Loch Slapin: they were gathering for the funeral which would soon proceed by boats to a little burying-ground a few miles away.

We had not gone far before we had a better understanding of our friends' earnest entreaty that we would not endeavour to reach Sligachan in such weather, for streamlets we had passed by almost unnoticed the day before were now swollen, and rushing in turbid fury over their rocky beds, and from the mountain-side thousands of minor runlets of cream-toned foam were fed by the clouds, which hung above the jagged peaks that cleft them, and caused them to disgorge their liquid treasure. An engagement to be present and conduct a

meeting in the Portree school-house, entered into by my friend, induced us to persevere, notwithstanding the fierceness of the blasts we had to face.

The first serious crossing we had was between Blaven and Marscow, where the water came down in great force: the pony would not face it; I did not see the danger, and went stalking in. For a time it was comparatively shallow, and only care was needed; but there was rather more than a yard of deep water, and it was a marvel I was not carried away. This difficulty over, another awaited us, with the farther danger that every minute spent increased the difficulty of re-crossing the stream just forded, for the fast-falling torrent was ever swelling its flood. On every side the roar of the cataract filled the air, and the swirling swaiths of mist were borne on the rushing blasts in fitful wreathings; new streamlets were born of the clouds, the existing ones gained strength. We came to the rocky bed we had crossed with such ease the day before—now it was impassable: it would be a freak of madness that would induce any one to venture into such a seething mass of rushing water with no discoverable foothold. I foolishly thought if we traced the stream upwards, we would be able to cross, thinking that as the minor streams that fed it were cut off, it would have less body of water; but, though we travelled a long way, very much against the inclination of the steed, it made no perceptible difference in the volume of water, and what it lost in width it seemed to gain in depth. Farther we could not go, for a steep cliff-like wall rose from its edge. We retraced our steps, and rein was allowed to the horse: it guided us to where the stream was at its broadest—just where it flows into a small lake. It crossed, and I followed with difficulty, for I had to fight every step, and my friend was meantime under the power of an almost hysterical excitement, thinking every moment to see me carried off my feet and sucked under the powerful flood. I was as wet as wet could be, and at Sligachan Inn we were refreshed with some soup, and, much against my own convictions, I was persuaded to drive into Portree in my wet clothes. It was a dangerous thing to do; I resorted to my usual expedient of having a good bath immediately on landing at the home of the friends I was staying with, and was none the worse; while the Rev. Doctor conducted the meeting in the school-house.

Before closing the chapter on the Isle of Skye, I must gather into a nutshell of space a few reminiscences connected with Staffin Bay, close under the Cuiraing cliffs, where I spent many happy days in the homely inn, kept by one who is a most hospitable entertainer and moderate charger of those who come to

INSIDE CUIRAING.

reside under his roof. In company with an English artist, I climbed up the steep hill-side for many successive weeks to paint the Needle Rock, that stands like a mighty sentinel to guard the pass to the inner meeting-place, where crowned heads of stern aspect hold converse with the elements, and note afar what passes o'er the moorland plain and o'er the ocean leagues, likewise the doings of the legions of the mountain brotherhood that gird like a mighty army the west of loved Scotland.

OUT-STACK AND THE KILT ROCK, STAFFIN BAY, SKYE.

It is not a desirable place to paint pictures in, inside the Cuiraing: the silence and the grandeur awes you; and the sheep above where we stood had an uncomfortable habit of loosening with their feet stones that came with an ominous crash near to us, and some shepherd lads, much less excusable, thought it good fun to threaten to, and likewise to perform, throwing stones near us. I will not suppose them guilty of a direct intention of striking us, particularly if they had any idea of the danger of such a proceeding, for the cliff rose much more than a hundred feet above us, and even a very small stone would have fatal effect by striking the head. We had tourist visitors of every age and

family, and some quaint scenes were witnessed on the upgoing—many of the native children (and one who in a few years after might be called an old man) found it a profitable, and I doubt not, too, a pleasurable work, leading the tourists to the top. We noted how shrewdly the man was found paying attention to the member of the party who looked most likely to be the paymaster.

The drawing gives the view of the Table Rock and the stacks round about it; but while that is the sight most notable in the neighbourhood, it is by no means the alone object of interest. The cliffs all round this cliff mountain abound in features singularly impressive and unique in character. Opposite the Cuiraing on the south of the road is a range of cliffs of almost equal interest; while the sea-coast displays many fine basaltic columns and strange outstanding stacks and curious combinations of cliff, and hill, and shore. There is one remarkable scene where the stream that flows from a little mountain tarn leaps over a cliff some hundreds of feet down into the sea, or in backwater on to the great boulders that are found round the coast. A visitor might spend a long time in this neighbourhood: it is full of the most pleasing memories to me;* but I may not mention them now, and have reluctantly to close Chapter VIII.

STAFFIN BAY.

* Appendix. Note O.

CUIRAING, FROM STAFFIN BAY.

STORNOWAY CASTLE.

CHAPTER IX.

As I would commend "The Pirate" by Sir Walter Scott as the most valuable book descriptive of Shetland scenery, in like manner, if I wished to gratify a friend with truthful telling word-sketches of the Isle of Lewis, I would put in his hand Black's novel, "A Princess of Thule." The author has drunk deeply of the poetry that permeates that strangely fascinating island, and has given to the world pictures that fix themselves as firmly in the minds of those who love the bleaker aspects of nature as do some of the most famous creations of our greatest landscape painters; and I have hope that thousands will be led through his descriptions to brave the discomfort of the swelling Minch, and become eye-witnesses of the scenes themselves.

I left my reader at the close of Chapter VII. seated in the smoking-room of Gairloch Hotel, while I lived over again in his company a few days spent at Dundonald. It came to the midnight hour; Boots pledged his word he would watch for the steamboat, which even then was much past its advertised time—a circumstance caused by the sheep-lifting, and traffic of that kind required for the large autumn markets. I lay down on the sofa, and about two was roused from a dreamy state. All seemed very dark till quite outside, when stars were visible; a bell rang, a light was shining at a distance; two strong bull's-eye lanterns showed the approach of the 'bus from the stable up to the hotel door, and through the darkness we drove in a covered carriage—a route that seemed very circuitous, and to have breakneck turns in it. At the pier I waited the transport boats, seen in dim shadowy form coming from the steamboat that lay out in the bay, and listened to the plash of the oars. They had much goods for Gairloch, and not a little to take on board. Once on board, I took a look

below, where many men folk were as comfortably spread on the saloon sofas as circumstances would permit, and finding a vacant space sufficiently large to stretch my full complement of feet and inches on, I tried to fall asleep before we got into rough water; but with the first movement of the screw, I was on my feet and on deck, having a view of the hills round Gairloch as they slept in the mist of night ere the faint streaks of dawn disturbed their repose. Each gentle breath was exquisitely hushed in these still hours as the light began to glimmer over the arch of heaven, 'mid the cloud-wreaths, over the mountains, and on the wide expanse of ocean—ahead, astern, and on either side of us, as we sped towards Lewis.

As we receded from the mainland we ever sighted new mountain ranges: we saw them growing fainter and dipping out of our sight; to the southward the Skye hills lent a charm, and the Isle of Lewis loomed bigger and broader, till we steamed alongside of the pier and were landed 'mid the curing of a fine catch of herring taken during the night. The boats were sparkling with the glitter of the "caller ou," as our fishwives call them; and busily the men were throwing them out from among the nets into the creels, while the shore was lined by brawny-armed women clothed in waterproof aprons, who with marvellous rapidity were gutting the fish, and packing them in barrels with abundance of salt between each layer. As a whole the season had not brought a successful fishing, which, sad to relate, would condemn to bachelorhood for another year many Lewismen who waited a successful season to enable them to begin life in partnership with a fisher lass. Shortly thereafter I read in one of the local papers: "The recent failure in the herring fishery has had a very depressing effect on the matrimonial market at nearly all the fishing stations. The decrease on the marriages in the three months ending 30th September is very considerable. In the island of Lewis, with upwards of 25,000 inhabitants, there were only two marriages." An unsuccessful fishing is a most discouraging event to the dwellers in these remote western isles: hundreds leave every year for the east coast; when fortunate, they will be able to bring home with them, after clearing all expenses for board, etc., more than enough to pay the rent of their crofts; but in a bad year they may come away in debt to the curer.

My first thought on reaching the town was to discover a brother brush. I had no knowledge of his whereabouts, but the first person I met gave me the desired information; for in an island like Lewis, having one main door of entrance and exit to the outer world, every one is known, and your movements

WINTER SCENE, SKYE.

seem as if conveyed by telegraph from place to place, to become familiar to every one; and not unfrequently you may be surprised to learn particulars regarding your own history and doings yourself were ignorant of, which springs from that marvellous mixing of histories so beautifully developed in some minds. I remember meeting a very marked instance of this,—an aged lady phrenologist, who would read half a dozen heads or more at a time, and declared that each was photographed on her own brain as soon as read; a few days after she would dictate the chart to an amanuensis, and then any one who listened to the oral reading, and compared the particulars stated then with those on the written chart, could discover the wondrous mixing. I may give my readers gratuitously the professional practical prescription given to each patient; it was: "Be sure to ventilate the nerve centres;" which, being interpreted, means, Take lots of exercise. My friend was in the Lewis Hotel, sleeping soundly, having only just returned from a trip in a sloop to the Shiant Islands, where he had found much material to occupy pencil and brush; he had also some pleasing water-colour drawings of Lewis in his portfolio. These sketches by this young artist, Mr. Aleck F. Sutherland, have much freshness and power, and a true appreciation of the poetry of our western island scenery.

The very woful face of a fellow-passenger by the steamer, and now hotel companion, and his sad tale, brought to my mind the fact that it was raining, and that the landscape looked somewhat bleak. He was a schoolmaster, who came to make personal application for a situation. He had not taken kindly to the rocking Father Neptune gave us when crossing the Minch. Stornoway was unlike the city he hailed from: it rained, he heard a number of people speaking Gaelic, and that was the last straw. He longed for the sailing of the steamer to take him from a place where he thought only misery awaited a man of his intelligence and education. All our entreaties endeavouring to make him reconsider his decision were unavailing, and Stornoway was saved from having a resident malcontent,—one who would not enliven his surroundings when circumstances seemed unpropitious. It is sad to think some will rush from the most charming spots on earth because they chance to land on a rainy day. The loss is all their own.

The most noteworthy feature about Stornoway is the castle and grounds of Sir James Mathieson. It is a palatial residence, and occupies a worthy site, like the magnificent piles of masonry built in our forefathers' days, to guard the people's homes; this stronghold raises its proud walls and towers, and

commands alike the bay and every house that lines the shore. There are no remarkable buildings in the town; there are banks, churches, very many general merchants, and a few bakers, butchers, curing yards, ship-building yards and suchlike, while in the harbour there is some shipping life.

I had the good fortune to have a lodging that overlooked the castle and the bay, and as I sat with the window open towards sunset the view was inexpressibly fine. The bay was well sheltered, and reflected the shelving hill and its coat of many-coloured leaves and strangely tinted rocks, and rich carpeting of heather and velvety grass; over this mirror the winds breathed gentle sighs, while as darkness increased the shades on the hill-side deepened in tone, and then the ever-varying form and hue of cloud and cloudlet, and of the vast illimitable space o'er which our atmosphere casts her film that gathers to it the rays of light, and beam by beam releases them, thus letting us fall gently into the arms of night.

It is time to leave the capital and have a walk; let us rise betimes. My respected landladies, who are the double-distilled quintessence of considerateness and island hospitality, would think all good would leave their abodes if a dweller beneath their roof left fasting, so, in spite of all my entreaties to the contrary, a cup of tea was prepared to forestall my start; and as I walked by the river-side and reached a road that skirts a number of very massive peat-stacks, and displays on the landward side an interminable host of peat-pits, the geniality of the sunshine was felt, and I would gladly have slackened my pace were it not that by so doing my good friends at Gress (some eight miles from Stornoway, where I was due at eight o'clock, if I remember rightly), might have waited breakfast for me. The road was very pleasant, and nice peeps were opened out along the shore, those scenes peculiar to this and neighbouring isles; long flat stretches of heath and sand, and lines of cliff; and in the pearliest hues the mountains of the north-west of Scotland graced their glowing setting of sunlit cloud and sun-reflecting sea, while the ether was embalmed in shades that partook of many emerald rays. Many thatched cottages were built on the brow of a hill overlooking the sea; and a large potato-field, divided into elongated sections, gave ample scope for many Lewis families to prove that union is strength, for they were busily engaged lifting the crop: each family group was complete in itself; those who had the most children got most quickly over the ground: many hands make light work, and young backs bend easily. I was pleased to see so many hearty workers thus earnestly labouring early in

the day. It was a golden day to them; for dry weather is the only safe weather for potato-lifting. The costumes were for the most part composed of homespun cloth of native dye, though now and again gay neckerchiefs—the manufacture of the south country—gave liveliness to the head; while now and again a bright-coloured shawl was pinned across the shoulders of the women. An old churchyard passed, Gress Farm and lodge were only a few yards farther, and I was welcomed to a place as one of the snug family breakfast party; and an hour after, with light step and mind as free, in company with a gentleman of most congenial tastes, and two bright sunny-hearted young

CAVE NEAR GRESS, LEWIS.

ladies, lovers of Lewis,—its people, its rocky coasts, and the seas that lave them, lovers of all the moorland flowers,—we were quite in the spirit of the morning; and bounded over heath and rock, over hill and vale, barely conscious of the sloughs when marshy ground met us, and able to walk with ease very near the edges of the cliff, that we might just have a look at the seagulls floating about. I will not venture to describe my fair companions; I will the rather endorse all Mr. Black has written about their charms; and if any are sceptical, I must tell them you cannot have been in Lewis, or must have failed to meet a real Sheilla. Our first halting-place was one of those remarkable dykes that extend for many miles; I am told the counterpart or connection of this one is to be met with on the mainland. The sketch shows

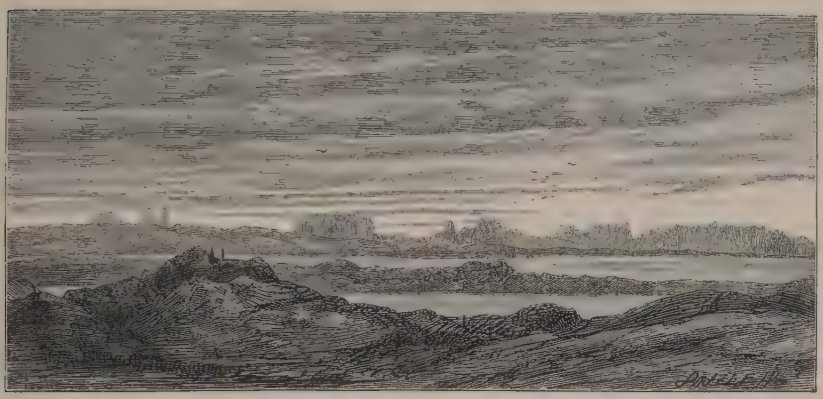
the massive wall in its seaward exposure, and the deep chasm wrought by the sea washing away little by little the softer conglomerated rock of which the surrounding cliff is composed; the waves in their ceaseless lashings broke with a solemn plash against the dyke. The next scene we visited was the interior of a cave, a curious spot, fully exposed to the rushing waves: the tide was back, and we were thus able to explore it by picking our steps carefully; inside was a beach of pebbly shingle, and what seemed a large boulder providentially placed for the wearied rambler in the best position to command the outlook of the cave; but he was warned "Do not sit upon that treacherous heap;" in truth, it was none other than the rotten carcase of a cow, and to have touched it with a stick might have expelled us from the cave in much haste. Even when allowed to rest under the protecting glazing of film, the air was somewhat tainted; it was thought a desirable thing to have it out of the cave, but like the matter of belling the cat, who would undertake such a piece of work? we were not inclined to become martyrs in such a cause, and the spectre may haunt the cave still. The cave interior displayed a great glitter of colour, and the warm sunlight shining on the masses of red rock outside told strongly against the cool blue of the sky and sea, and the deep, deep tones inside the cave. My friend found many hermit crabs and some lovely anemones; each calm pool was a field for scientific research, and would repay hours of patient exploration: he brought in his pocket quite a number of treasures. The walk home in the afternoon was enlivened by many sights, and not the least pleasurable was the appearance of our lady friends again. They left us after we pursued our ramble farther than the dyke, and now came to meet us. The hours that intervened while we dined and talked I must hurry over, and also the drive home in the darkness of midnight, in company with another guest who came out to Gress to dine.

Our next walk necessitated early rising, and it was well we rose betimes, for the morning glory was overcast by breakfast-time, and by noon the whole scene was under the power of cloudland, having her liquid treasures bountifully showered o'er every height and hollow. The morning was very choice—so fresh, so calm! a clear atmosphere displayed distant objects to advantage. The moorland miles brought few fellow-pilgrims across my path; those I did meet were most amply clothed in woollen garb, and our courtesies interchanged, while duly appreciated, were as in an unknown tongue; for I did not understand their Gaelic, nor did they my English. The hills of Harris formed a

CLIFF SCENE, NEAR GRESS, LEWIS.

mountain chain whose peaks seemed to possess an altitude far in advance of their true height; inland lakes, and at one part of the road about half-way across the moor, a few cottage homes, and their patches of cultivated ground, enlivened the landscape.

I was glad to reach Garrynahine Inn, and after the fourteen miles of a walk was not unthankful to test the merits of a roasted wild duck for breakfast. Thereafter I looked out of all the windows of the snug hostelry, and not finding a satisfactory view, for it now rained in earnest, and it was vain to hope to be



MAINLAND MOUNTAINS, FROM ISLE OF LEWIS.

able to sketch out of doors, I noticed a new house a short distance from the inn (it was being prepared for a doctor); was entrusted with the keys, and from one of the front windows looked out on the rainy scene depicted in the sketch of "Garrynahine, Isle of Lewis." It rained in downright earnest, and the noise of rain and wind on the roof, windows, and doors of the empty house gave the place an eerie feeling. Towards the time of sun-setting the torrents became intermittent; bright gleams of light broke through the clouds; the grey veil lifted, and discovered a landscape with fresh hill-sides all dripping and glowing—lakes, stream, river, homestead; and weird stone witnesses that pointed to an unknown past, speaking of departed heroes whose names and deeds are alike lost to us. May we ask in Ossianic terms: Were they taken "from the stream amidst the song of bards"? Who raised the mould around each, and bid them speak to other years? "Oozy daughter of streams, that

now art reared on high—speak to the feeble, O stone! after Selma's race have failed! Prone from the stormy night, the traveller shall lay him by thy side; thy whistling moss shall sound in his dreams; the years that are past shall return. Battles rise before him, blue-shielded kings descend to war; the darkened moon looks from heaven on the troubled field. He shall burst with morning from dreams, and see the tombs of warriors round!"

I could not restrain myself from hastening to view one of those Druid circles, of which there are so many in the Isle of Lewis; that given in the

DRUID CIRCLE, NEAR GARRYNAHINE.

small vignette is the first one I reached. It stood on a mossy hill, and was environed by an expanse of peat soil and many stacks of the dark-coloured fuel; and in reaching it, many most forbidding sloughs had to be rounded and jumped over. Other circles were within sight, the most notable being the famed Druid temple known as Callanish; and my imagination, I must own, was discovering Druid circles or single Druid stones wherever grey rocks were seen rising above or bedded in the dark moor.

When I got back to the inn, my host, a very young lady, and a respectable collie dog, kept me company. I am always afraid to overstate the age of ladies; I may safely venture the remark that this one had not seen more than five summers. The landlord took me out to see a catch of salmon which his three rods, let out to gentlemen staying under his roof, had brought in—I think fifty-six pounds was the weight of the lot. I notice in the "Sportsman's

GARRYNAHINE, LEWIS.

Guide" the Blackwater — the river for which the innkeeper lets a licence to fish — is the second best for salmon in the Island of Lewis, and certainly it is a most healthful spot for any with a love for piscatorial pursuits to reside at.

Sabbath was a peaceful day; there was no church within reach, and it was very pleasant to have the loved Book of books out on the hill-side, lying where one could have a look now and again at some very charming leaves in the sister work, the book of nature. On Monday morning the glass made a determined stand at stormy; the landlord, preparing for a drive to Stornoway, buckled on his strongest and fullest waterproof equipment. I left *en route* for Barvas, a walk of some twenty miles. The first part of the way skirted part of Loch Roag and led to the stones of Callanish. By this time the clouds were unbending and big drops fell; the winds were sounding with a watery wail. The stones stood in their weirdest garb, catching deep shadows and faint gleams of evanescent light; the wind prevented my umbrella being of any service, but fortunately the wind came with a decided bias from east to west, so I got close to a massive stone that formed one of a double line in the longest limb of the cruciform setting, and kept very close to it, and made up my mind to have all the rain-drops come on myself, and by that means I partially protected the sketch and the moist colour-box. Many groups of native cattle were driven past by men, women, and bairns, who were so rolled up in homespun and waterproof, the nose and eyes were all you could see of them, and a stick wagged to and fro to speed the progress of the stirks. It would amply repay a painter to erect a hut from which he could paint these stones in such weather. I could have spent days admiring the weirdsome group, but had to hasten on; and the day's walk, while one of the most delightful I ever enjoyed, if I presented a catalogue of the elements that were mixed in that exhilarating cup, I fear many of my readers would say, if I offered to share it with them, what a Scotch lad said when presented with a glass of wine or whiskey on condition that he would drink the health of each member of the company, "If you please, sir, I'm no' dry." I had a most thorough soaking through and through, of hat and boots and body-casing—a continuous pelting of the rain on my face and head. I passed rocky burns, weltering pools, dripping cliffs, fields half flooded, the road converted into a running stream. Rain it did from big to bigger drops, from fast to faster fall, till every low place was flooded, the road was reeking with yellow

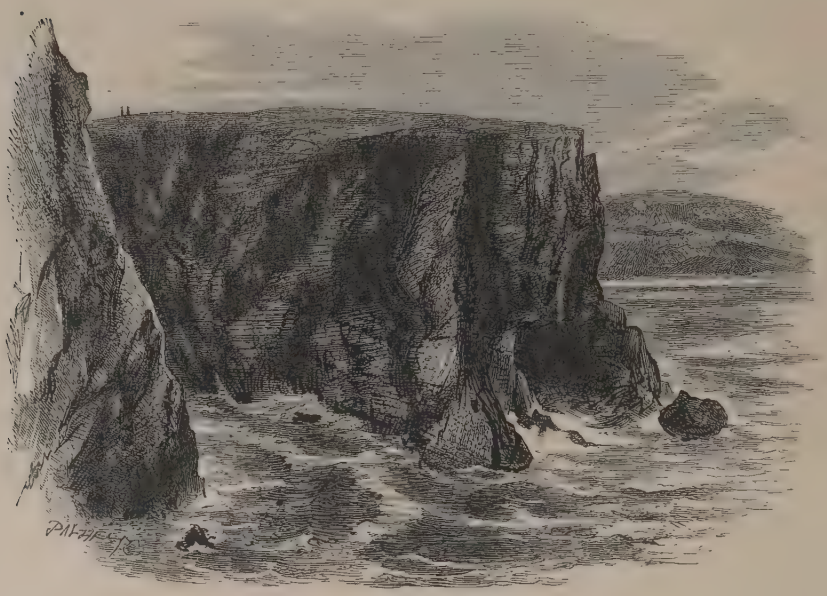
vapour, whilst in the ditches on either side the water took a deep peat-colour. The burns rushed their waters into cream-toned foam, and the little streamlets sent their white gushings through the greensward. The whole hill-side was looking as gleeful as a brood of ducks, and every tint received new charm of colour. The rocks, the streams, the mossy pools, the beehive cottage, the quaint patches of soil in the oddest of corners selected by these hardy dwellers in this place of rocks, were sparkling with gorgeous tints. The people might have been mummified Druids; in some cases at a little distance I mistook them for Druid stones, so completely was the human form hid in the wool that now clothed them, but in other storms had shielded their sheep. The huts occupied places among the rocks, and afforded great variety; some had to be reached by stepping-stones, for a morass separated their hillock from the parent hill. Bold promontories discovered groups of homesteads: above a village of such I saw a tower similar to that of Mousa in Shetland; it seemed of larger dimensions; inland lakes lined with grey stones and a few dwarfed grasses had on islets what might or might not be ruins of other Pictish buildings. These islets had each a line of piled stones leading to the islet. The inland hill views lay beyond long-spreading carpetings of moss and peat; and it would seem one of the hardest undertakings for city-bred pedestrians to find their way through such a soil. I have heard such a trip described by a Free Church minister whose boyish days were spent in a district of the Lewis of like character, viz., the Parish of Lochs; the place where the old woman died last year at the age of one hundred and fifteen years—at the time of her death the oldest woman in Scotland. Sir James Alexander wrote a paper giving a few particulars regarding this venerable islander, who was born before the Duke of Wellington, Napoleon, or Sir Walter Scott: his paper was read before a meeting of the Anthropological Department of the British Association last year at Glasgow. Her work was herding cattle on the moor grazings, carrying home peats, delving the land, house-work, and milking the kye. She was never married, and was in receipt of parochial relief from the time of the passing of the Poor Law Act, receiving this because of old age and blindness. Her food was of the simplest kind—home-made soup or broth, oatmeal and barleymeal porridge, fish, and potatoes; while it is significantly stated she took no stimulants, *though a Highlander*, but latterly was fond of a cup of tea.

About an hour before I reached Barvas, as the shadows of evening were gathering, the rain ceased, the clouds partially lifted, and some bright bits of

CALLANISH STONES, LEWIS.

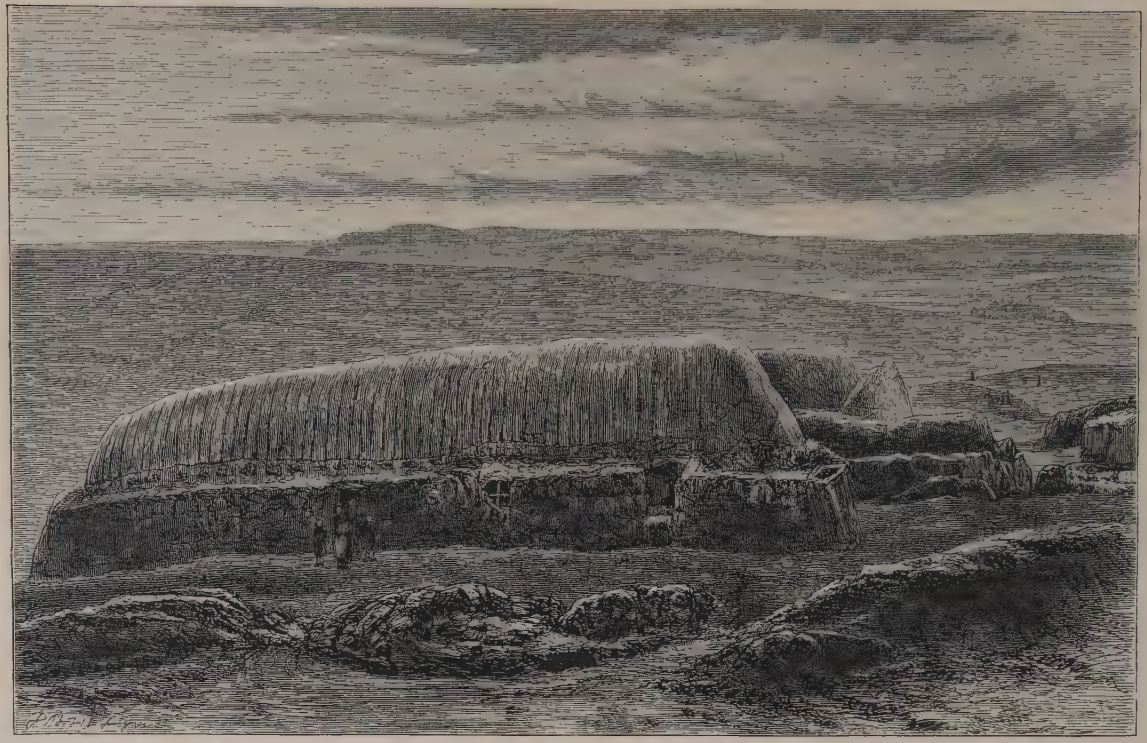
sky were seen above and reflected on the Atlantic waves in their hushed heavings. When I reached the inn my clothes were still very wet, and the landlord, though he was a man considerably taller than myself, most kindly placed a complete rig-out of his clothes at my disposal: I sat with much comfort in them, and spent a very happy evening with the good folks of Barvas Temperance Hotel. Next morning, after joining the family at worship, I turned my steps still farther north, having a desire to reach the most northerly point of the island. The landscapes differed from those of the last day's walk, and were seen in another mood; the rain-clouds floated high, the road lay over rocky ridges, the homesteads had an amplitude of stone wall fencing them in, possibly to shield them from the blasts that sweep from the Atlantic over these exposed seaboard cliffs; and they were built more compactly together, like the strongholds of a brotherhood in holy alliance with each other to withstand all assaults. These districts were not very fruitful in peat, and they would have to carry them from a distance of many miles; in some cases a pavement of large stones led from the main road to the door of the dwelling. This was, I think, because the soil all round was so softened and converted into cloggy mud by the habit of keeping the cattle within the gates in bad weather, when their high stone dykes served as a bield for the protection of the cattle. In the forenoon many groups of men and women passed me. I could not make out where they were going, and made several inquiries without getting any answers save in Gaelic; it might as well have been Hindostani. I thought they might be going to pay their rents, for I was told it was about the settling-time. At last some passed me with books; I stopped them, and found the books to be Bibles: it was all clear now, they were going to a week-day preaching, and shortly after, as the road wound down a glen over a burn, I met the Free Church minister on his way to the place of meeting. He was on horseback. There was a difficulty ahead; there is no inn or hotel at the Ness. I accosted a man by the way—a man who once upon a time had aspired to become a teacher: he wore long hair, and his features were not without refinement, while his manner of speech was courteous, and he was well informed on most points; but he seemed reduced to living on the hardier sons of toil, who earned by diligence the bread they eat, and his coat seemed by a marvellous arrangement to be developed into one huge pocket. I might overstate its capacity if I said it would hold a sheep, but I think I am within the bounds of fact when I say it could hold a good big

lamb. This receptacle was well stored. He told me the habit of travellers was to lodge with the merchants, and that they were quite accustomed to this arrangement. So I determined to try the merchants, and failing them, the lighthouse-keepers. I was most fortunate: the first merchant was a humane man, with a humane wife, and though the accommodation was far other than what they would have liked to offer, because their spare bed-room



CLIFFS, BUTT OF LEWIS.

was already occupied by a Free Church probationer officiating in the neighbourhood,—they offered me such as they had in a cordial spirit, and we were soon good friends. I got some refreshment and walked to Callicot Bay to have a peep at the sea, and met many of the fishermen, who had a knowledge of English, and were determined to put it out to usury, for I was hailed and catechized about most of the themes of the day, with not a few thrusts endeavouring to know my particular line of business and errand to their corner of the world. The bay was rugged, mysterious, and breathed a mournful life. The waves broke sadly on the far-off reefs, and came with solemn



BEEHIVE COTTAGE, LEWIS.

almost fearsome thuds on the rocky coast near which I sat. I left the bay and wandered over the cliffs at the Butt, looking into the dark gios and down on the breaking waves, and along the many-tinted cliff walls on whose broad pages sun and moon, the spray of ocean and the showers of rain, the birds of the air and the germ of the lichen, are drawing pictures and engraving histories man may not read.

Next day was a day of ceaseless rain. I did not bring with me from Stornoway any facilities for working outside in the rain. The only satisfactory view I could command from my home for the time was one of the Lewis houses; to get it right I would have to raise the skylight and look out under it. I protected my head with a gay silk handkerchief, which rather attracted the children, for they could not see the sketch I was busy with, and were at a loss to understand why a man should remain so many hours bobbing his head up and down in such uncomfortable weather. I am glad the day kept me to this sketch, for it is a good specimen of the Lewis beehive cottage; the distance beyond, seen over the top of the straw-thatched roof, shows an expanse of ground divided into sections, where many workers were busily engaged gathering the potato crop, and either carted home or carried in creels; and while the men and women, girls and boys, are either lifting, gathering, or carrying, a number of noisy pigs did the gleaners' work, and turned up with the snout the clods that had been spared by the graip, and had quite a feasting-time: I saw among them many well-favoured porkers. The soil is very sandy, but they enrich it by ample covering of seaweed manure brought from the strand. Let the reader observe carefully the roof of the dwelling shown in the sketch, and search diligently for a chimney, or even a smoke-hole: he will find neither, for the straw which forms the roof is in process of preparation to be used as manure; and when thatching-time comes, the inner lining—well saturated with odoriferous peat-reek—will be transferred to the dung-heap; the outer thatch will have its season of reeking under ample layers of new straw placed outside, and well strapped down with straw or heather ropes, weighted with stones to weather the blasts. In wet weather the roof is seen reeking all over, and until acquainted with the reason, you are in fear lest a general conflagration will burst forth. It is curious to see a whole village send into the air filmy clouds of blue smoke.

The following morning was favourable, and I was wishful to make a double use of it to sketch the rocks at the Butt and the lighthouse, and before darken-

BUTT OF LEWIS LIGHTHOUSE.

ing to retrace my steps back to Barvas,—both of which were comfortably accomplished.

I may not discourse longer on this part of the Isle of Lewis, but ask my reader to join me at Stornoway,* where I embarked on board the Glasgow steamer, which is advertised to call at Loch Maddy on its southward passage. My brother artist was with me: we witnessed very affecting partings of brothers and sisters and loved daughters, leaving their island home and father and

* Appendix. Note P.

BUTT OF LEWIS.

mother, to sail for India's distant land. There are often such scenes, and among the common people the audible manifestation of grief is not restrained, but breaks forth in mournful plaintive wailings. As long as the friends were in sight, there were wavings of handkerchiefs, and, even after, the eyes were fixed on the spot where they were.

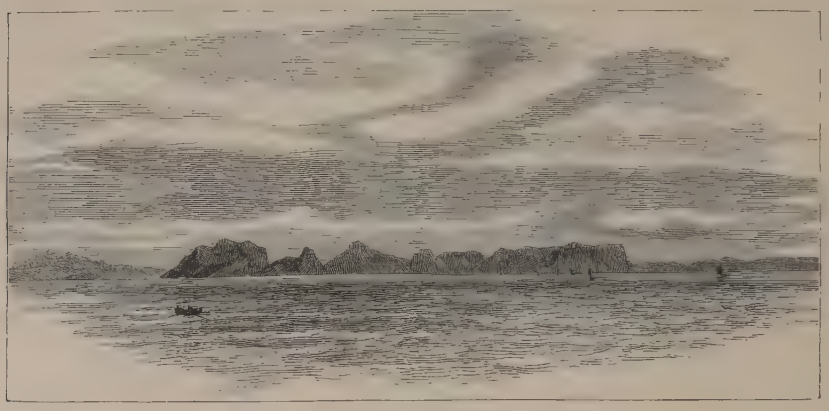
In turn we saw the Ullapool Mountains, and those of Sutherland; and soon we were noting the varying form of the group of isles known as the Shiants.

THE SHIANT ISLES.

My friend pointed out one or two spots where there are fine basaltic columns, and also the remains of a wreck: a coal brig had gone to pieces, and in a day or two the pieces of coal were strewn in heaps along the beach, rounded like marbles. We also enjoyed looking on the configuration of rocky hill and intersecting loch and island outpost, that lay along the Lewis and Harris coast; while, on our left, as we entered the Little Minch, the heads, the points, the cliffs, the lochs, and the mountains of Skye were delicately revealed amid tints of ultramarine and pearly hues. We saw the many islets that rest in Harris Sound, and steamed past a headland of North Uist, and were landed at Loch Maddy.

Towards evening we walked out to view the land: all seemed very bleak,

yet singularly lovely. I marvel not that those who live in such isles are unwilling to leave them for sunnier homes. The whole land, despite its stillness, seems full of voices that woo the soul, and whose whisperings are the more telling because the outer world may not waft you one echo from the ceaseless fever of her artificial life. The mountains, as they creep under the mantling of the grey cloud-folds, seem to weep the tears of a quenchless grief for those who sleep in the shades of far-off lands, but who once trod their summits with the light foot of the cragsman, or guided the frail coble with



ULLAPOOL MOUNTAINS.

consummate skill to the plaintive melody of Gaelic or Norse song: round every rocky bay did not each grey rock, each mossy pool, each sandy bay, each fleecy cloud and rippling wave, have a tale to tell? They had; but what they told we may not here unfold.

By the day-dawn that awaked us from our slumbers we saw that rainy weather might be expected; so, in waterproof attire, we sought the moorland road, and wandered in a south-westerly direction; but one scene was very like to another: the bleak moorland, the moistened hills, the deathlike stillness of the inland freshwater lakes—their darksome girding of heathy bog, and the hushed life of the arms of the sea that wind a tortuous course round every high land of the isle. We tried a sketch and visited one or two of the cottage homes, and a very unique school-house, where the bairns were bare-headed, and for the most part bare-legged: the clothes they had were the cut-down,

LOCH MADDY, NORTH UIST.

well-worn homespun tweed garments of their sires; they gathered round a peat fire in the centre. The cottagers were of the most primitive kind, and most courteous, feasting us with copious draughts of new milk.

The north-going steamboat carried us back to Stornoway to wait the sailing of the "Ondine," the Ullapool packet, in which we will make the passage over to the mainland in our readers' company.

LOCH MADDY, NORTH UIST, HEBRIDES.

WICK BAY.

CHAPTER X.

THIS chapter opens by drawing the curtain down over the scenes described in that which preceded it. My last evening in Lewis was spent with a genial spirit who lived in a snug cottage within the castle grounds. My friend was one of large sympathies and cultivated tastes, having a love for art, and himself an amateur, whose productions keep that a secret, for they have all the masterly handling and delicate appreciation of drawing and colour the works of able professional artists display; and in his cozy parlour, beside the blazing fire, with his affectionate terrier Jolly and the two cats, who accompany him in his walks through the woods, speaking of pictures and painters, men and books, scenes and peoples, we had a good time. I enjoyed going over some of his sketch-books, and was interested in several pastel portraits he had worked: one of George Macdonald the writer, another an "In Memoriam" sketch of a little grandchild, who was away from the sorrows of earth to be with Him who said, "Suffer the children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

I bid good bye in time to have a last season with my kind landladies at family worship, and they woke me betimes in the morning, while it was still dark, for it was now among the last days of October. The warning bell rung

on board the steamboat told me their time was ahead of mine. I hastened to embark. A sailor put the knapsack in a corner of the saloon beside the luggage of the only other cabin passenger we carried. There was discontent audible among the ruling powers in regard to goods some one desired to put on board. We had for cargo many barrels of salt from the Stornoway Salt Store, which supplies many ports on the mainland. To the advertised minute the steamer kept. For a time it was hard to reconcile the Stornoway people to this punctuality, and more than one passenger had to be taught that it is not the duty of the captain to wait for lag-behinds, by being left on the island till the next sailing. The turning of our head safely accomplished, we steamed slowly past Goat Island, seeing the gleam from the lighthouse at intervals as it shone amid the darkness. A few ships' lights were rocking about as the swell from without told on the waters of the bay; and soon we were outside, buffeting and o'ertopping the unseen waves: dark they seemed, and dark overhead was the starless sky; all we could see from the bridge was what our mast-light shone on; the brightest light fell on our own deck, and the barrels of salt firmly roped to the ship's side. Our bow ploughed into the waves, sending the white foam to the right and to the left of her onward course; the wind whistled through the rigging. With a dancing motion we bounded over the waves or charged them, and were drenched in a shower of spray after the shock. The man on the outlook being in danger near the bow, was ordered abaft. Slowly the grey light did herald the dayspring, and the waves and the white crests that crown their soarings became traceable. The light increased, and a faint gleam of ruddy hue ahead streaked the horizon, and discovered to us the mainland mountains calmly slumbering in a bed of mist: gently the roseate light stole over their heads, as if unwilling to disturb the sleepers in the spellbound land. There is no steward on board, and the keen sea-air has a tendency to give one an appetite. My fellow-traveller was made aware of this before he left Lewis, and had quite an ample store and every requisite from Stornoway Castle: he got a sailor to make tea, and invited me to have a share,—an invitation I gladly accepted. As we sailed into Loch Broom, the sun shone on the numberless rocky isles and islets we passed, and we had a fine panorama of mountains inland and to the north and the south.

I found a very large budget of letters awaiting me at Ullapool, and secured a seat on the mail gig. The drive was propitious and led us past many scenes similar to those described in the other Rambles. A few hours after we reached

the railway station of Garve, I was in my old quarters overlooking the peaceful windings of the river at Inverness, where a few days were pleasantly spent before starting northward to visit a portion of the cliffs that form the sea-resisting walls of Caithness.

At Dingwall the lover of nature may spend pleasant days by following any of the roads that lead from the town, while the town itself is of interest, and on a market day presents a quaint scene, and will introduce to you many High-

BEN WYVIS, FROM NEAR DINGWALL.

land characters whose histories you may be fortunate enough to get if you are acquainted with any shrewd Dingwallian. Dingwall is quite a garden, and as you walk by its hedgerows and look on the rich crops that wave in the fields, or at the goodly army of stacks that fill the farmyard and shelter under the ample leafage of the stately trees, you can scarcely realize that you are within an afternoon's walk of the summit of the mighty Ben Wyvis, whose massive shoulders form the background of landscapes seen from very many directions. The little sketch I have of him was taken from a point on the railway embankment near to the Dingwall Station, and it shows a portion of rich meadow and some fields whereon the last stooks wait a dry day ere they can be safely built

LOCH OUSIE, NEAR DINGWALL.

into stacks. The trees that fringe so many of the farms are seen, and Ben Wyvis is among the clouds, while in the foreground a little drain is filled with water. All this bit of ground, I would judge, has been taken from the sea within late years.

Loch Ousie is worthy of being visited. I have given a sketch of it after an oil picture I painted some years ago, and I have fragrant recollections of the glow of colour that increased the beauty of the lake. Another spot you should certainly visit is the Black Rock on the Aultgrande Water, associated as it is with one of Hugh Miller's legendary tales: it will suggest fancies to most minds. To induce my readers to visit it, I will quote a description of it from the Statistical Account, in which we are told this "river runs through a chasm called the Craig Grande or Ugly Rock. This is a deep chasm or abyss formed by two opposite precipices that rise perpendicularly to a great height, through which the Aultgrande runs for the space of two miles. It begins at the distance of four miles from the sea, by a bold projection into the channel of the river, which diminishes in breadth by at least one-half. The river continues to run with rapidity for about three-quarters of a mile, when it is confined by a sudden jutting-out of the rock. Here the side-view from the summit is very striking. The course of the stream being thus impeded, it whirls and foams and beats with violence against the opposite rock, till, collecting strength, it shoots up perpendicularly with great fury, and, forcing its way, darts with the swiftness of an arrow through the winding passage on the other side. After passing this obstruction, it becomes in many places invisible, owing partly to the increasing depth and narrowness of the chasm, and partly to the view being intercepted by the numerous branches of trees which grow on each side of the precipice. About a quarter of a mile farther down, the country people have thrown a slight bridge, composed of trunks of trees covered with turf, over the rock, where the chasm is about sixteen feet broad. Here the observer, if he can look down on the gulf below without any uneasy sensations, will be gratified with a view equally awful and astonishing. The wildness of the steep and rugged rocks—the gloomy horrors of the cliffs and caverns, where the genial rays of the sun never yet penetrated—the waterfalls, which are heard pouring down in different places of the precipices with sounds various in proportion to their distances—the hoarse and hollow murmuring of the river, which runs at a depth of near one hundred and thirty feet below the surface of the earth—the fine groves of pines which majestically climb the

sides of a beautiful eminence that rises immediately from the brink of the chasm,"—if you would enjoy all this very fully, go when the first frosts of autumn have changed the hues of part of the leafage, seek the overflow of this river, clamber by the aid of overhanging trees and jutting rocks till you reach a rocky stand-point, and you will have such glorious colourings in the lichen-tinted rocks, the deep shades in the dark recess, the hues of the tree-stems, the leafage of the trees, the grass, fern, and ivy tendril, that enrich the broken near bank—the treelet and the rock plants of the cliff wall on the other side of the stream—all will be reflected in a still mirror, whose depth we would not incline to sound, or even to disturb its stillness by throwing into it one small pebble. This is only one of the many places we have in Scotland, where you may witness strange meanderings of sullen stream 'tween darksome and o'erarching cliffs.

But it is time to rejoin the train that goes by the margin of the Firth of Cromarty. Those familiar with Hugh Miller's writing will incline to dwell on many spots, and allow those with whom that most engaging writer associated them to live again. At the town of Tain we reach Dornoch Firth, and keep it on our right for many miles. We now glide through a hill and river girding, and the map discovers to us what must be a magnificent walk along the road overlooking Lochs Shin, More, and some minor lakes to the west coast at Loch Laxford. Again the line of rails turns eastward till we reach Loch Fleet, after which we keep to the seaboard above the cliffs, and pass many dreary moors, bare bleak hills, and now and again wooded dells. The train that leaves Inverness in the morning does not reach Wick till a late hour in the evening: the hotel folk know this, and are quite prepared to keep open house till after the arrival of the train. The last time I travelled from Wick to Dingwall was when the railway only reached as far north as Golspie; the other portion of the road was an overnight stage-coach journey; and to accommodate some ladies I took a seat on the top: it was a clear cold night, and the air was keen indeed. We may well endorse the saying regarding him who had so much to do with road-making in the Highlands and islands; "if you had seen these roads before they were made you would have blessed brave General Wade," and wish prosperity to the Highland Railway Company. I found my way to a temperance hotel advertised in the guide-book, and found it a homely house. The morning light showed it had a pleasant outlook over Wick Bay, and the long lines of boats lying high and dry, waiting another season; the

breakwater that has baffled all skill to complete—nobly the battle has been fought, and ever and again it has seemed as if Father Neptune was unable to undo the work accomplished by the patient labour and mechanical aid brought to bear on this undertaking: some morn, or noon, or night, like Samson before the true source of his strength was discovered, he arises as heretofore, and he shakes himself, and in a few tossings he has undone the work of months, and a little while after smiles as peacefully in the sunlight as if he had no other mood than that of tranquillity, and was a man of peace, a veritable Quaker.

There was a friend I was asked to call for. I will take my reader with me, for it will introduce him to one of our folks, I judge a good specimen of a class still found in the land—one of those who, unseen and unheard, are meekly bearing the will of our Father in heaven. She is a widow who for many years has lived alone. Her little room was the picture of tidiness. She gave me one of those welcomes that are better than wine. For thirteen years she has been almost an invalid, yet can praise the Lord for His great goodness. One heart-sore is not yet healed: her dear boy is at sea and careless; but she has a Christian daughter who is a great comfort, although hundreds of miles away. When a girl she (the mother) lived with an uncle who was a godly man; he had once a week a little gathering in his house for prayer, and the stories these godly men told after their little season of devotion were still fresh in her memory and brightened her lonelier hours. This is a strong contrast to the experience of a young man I met in Dundee—his father was a minister in the north of Scotland; the stories he heard when a young boy at his father's table, told over the toddy by the ministers who came to assist his father at the communion season, he blamed as that which made him look upon the Christian religion as a sham altogether.

When she was married her uncle had lain three days on his death-bed, and her husband and she spent some time at the bed-side, getting parting counsel, and what he then said to them seems to have been as from the voice of a prophet, read in the light of the way she has been led since. We read a little portion of the Word together, and had a short season of prayer, after which I left.

My landlord, who held office as policeman, with a special charge concerning the fishing interests, guided me to a cave in the face of a perpendicular wall of rock, at an angle where it takes a bend outward, and is not seen till you come

down to a ledge of outlying rocks. You have carefully to pick your steps in entering over the sloping shoulders and detached pieces that lead into it. Sometimes the tide makes it unreachable; one woman is supposed to have

HOME OF THE TINKERS, WICK.

been carried away by a wave on a dark winter night as she sought the entrance. All the signs of human occupancy we saw as we approached was a small red petticoat hung over a stone to dry; but, on going farther in, we saw two little girls, of very tender years, cowering beside a few embers of live peat: their round gipsy faces were wonderfully clean, and they looked very inquiringly at us. A rock-pigeon flew out, a robin redbreast was hopping about, and a rat

seemed quite at home, peeping out behind the small stones. A little straw was spread near the north wall of the cave; a large flat stone served for a table, and held sundry broken tins and cups. An iron was fixed in the overarching side of the cave, from which a slim crook of many pieces of metal was hung, to be used for holding a tin pail over the fire: it would boil quicker and be lighter to carry than a kettle. The roof was well begrimed with smoke. At night any food would be hung attached to the crook, out of the rats' reach. The cave extended far in, and had heap on heap of broken stone slabs, whilst there was an inner recess which one of the little ones called the "lock-up." I asked what they would do with pennies we gave them; she said, "Buy a piece." She told my landlord, "Ye 're a pelice, I ken by yer claes;" and, pointing to me, "He 's a gentleman wi' a book in his pocket, and when he comes into coves he takes it oot and writes." I had seen the mother and father during one of the fierce showers of hail making their way to the town, with bright new-made tins,—he ready to do a bit of mending, she with her youngest child in the skirt of her dress, on her back; and to make way against the pelting hail, she alternately turned her back, going backward, and again sideward. I saw her later in the day going right into the houses, without warning the people: she lifted the latch, and either walked or looked right in. In the cave we could trace the fireplaces used by some four different parties,—one very near the mouth, one farther in, one near the right, and another near the left wall. They (the cave-dwellers) come to this cave as a lord does to his castle. This day, the wind being off the land, the cave was quite snug. When there is a storm that prevents its being habitable, they decamp to one on the other side of the bay, with an opposite exposure.

The two little ones seemed quite happy, and heeded not the fierce breaking of the waves outside, as they dashed on the rocks and left long wreaths of white foam; these had no terror for them while they were out of their reach; nor did the dripping water that came from large overhanging masses of rock, that seemed in danger of falling not far away from them, cause them anxiety; nor did the dismal recess at the far end of the cave or the darksome roof awe them. As pleased were they sitting on the bare earth beside the dying embers of peat, the rats playing near, within hearing of the ceaseless breaking of the waves, pleased as two young princesses might be, clad in purple, fed with royal dainties, diverted with gorgeous toys, and yet from their earliest infancy their lot is one of suffering.

I asked, "Are you not wearying till mother comes in with some dinner?"

"No, we never gets food so early as this." She said they got brose in the morning, and bread and tea and flesh at night. "An' we buys our flesh."

All sleep huddled together in one corner.

"Do you ever feed robin redbreast?"

"No, he's no wirs" (ours).

"Or the sea-gulls?"

"No; what gude do they do ta us?"

As we left this cave we got a "thank ye kindly" from the spokesman of the two, and we walked a little farther along the cliffs to the scene depicted in the subject, "Old Man of Wick." We saw some tremendous masses of rock piled one above another; and it made us marvel less that the Wick Breakwater fares so badly when such stones had been dislodged from the cliff itself by the sea, and carried far out of the place where they had been. The square stronghold known as the "Old Man of Wick," is built on the neck of a bold promontory, which juts out into the sea, while on either side are narrow cliff-girded gios, or gullies, into which the ocean rolls his huge billows or his more restful flowings. A severe blast of sleet made us make for the shelter of the Old Man, and we saw he had very thick walls—I would judge upwards of eight feet, and the jutting cliff out from the castle we found to have many distinct indications of some sort of buildings, now all overlaid with grass-grown sod: doubtless these were the homes of those who, in times when might alone was right, were only safe on the approach of an enemy when under the protection of the massive stronghold beneath whose shadow they lay. My guide pointed out to me a ledge very faintly defined on the opposite cliff, where, he said, clansmen kept sentry in early times, to guard the gorge; for while the cliffs on either side were perpendicular, and could not be scaled by the most skilful cragsman, at the end of the gorge is a smooth beach and an earthen grassy brae, by which easy ascent could be had.

It was too late to witness the fishing life, which is the leading interest attaching to Wick, but when on the Orkney passage, I have sailed through the fleet of herring-boats, and it is a fine sight. The Aberdeen and Shetland mail steamers call at Wick Bay, *weather permitting;* this clause has a deep meaning in it, as many can witness who have seen how the waves break on that shore at times. After sketching the steamboat, as she lay in the bay unlading her cargo, from the bridge over the water that divides Pulteneytown from the old town of

OLD MAN OF WICK.

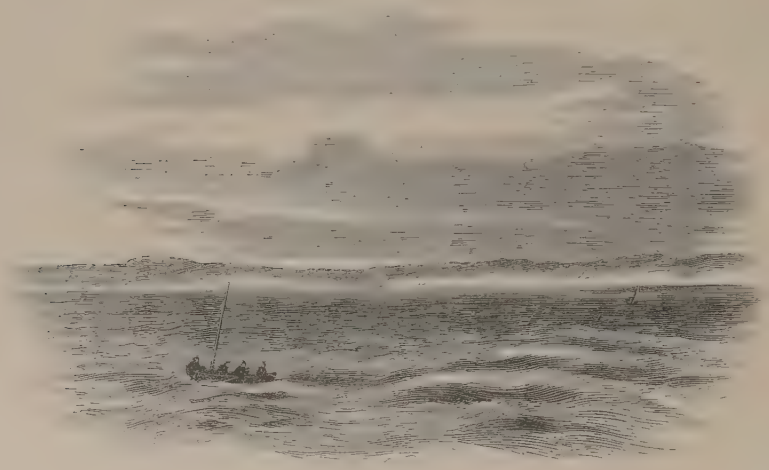
Wick, I got into one of the boats leaving the pier, and was landed on board the "St. Nicholas," thinking it would be more pleasant to visit Thurso by sailing round the coast than to go by rail. A telegram was received just before we put on steam that a heavy sea was running in the Pentland Firth, and that it might not be possible to reach the shelter of Scrabster. The clouds were lowering, and we saw, outside of the shelter of the land, that the waves were

NOSS HEAD.

tipped with a crest of foam. The bold promontory of Noss Head stood in stern majesty, a wall as of adamant. Castles Sinclair and Ackergill lay on the south of Keiss or Sinclair Bay. I made futile efforts to sketch the Castle of Ackergill by the aid of the captain's field-glass. It is such a place as one can imagine haunted by the spirits of the deep, into which it looks so sadly, and one can picture the neighbouring laird or nearest kinsman keeping guard against such occupation in the absence of its rightful lord,* as is so graphically portrayed in the essays I have mentioned before on the "Superstitions of the Highlands." As that book is not likely to be in the possession of my readers, I have quoted what Mrs. Grant says on this head in the Appendix.

* Appendix. Note Q.

We sailed through the cheerless bay, the clouds deepened overhead, the waters darkened beneath, the sandy shore separating 'tween the breaking sea-foam and the trailing storm-clouds that o'ershadowed and enshrouded the bleak hills. Again a cliffy wall lined the coast, and we saw but dimly the stacks and the head of Duncansby, and the inn raised on the site of John o' Groat's House. Our bow was pointing westward, seas met us with a heavy



SINCLAIR BAY.

thud, and we were glad to be for a little while shielded from their fury by Stromas' Isle. But again we had to face the Pentland Firth, a seething cauldron of enraged waters; we dared not go into such a vortex, for the clouds came with a veil as of night, and when the thick showers fell we did not see three yards ahead, and these waves were gaining new power. Our captain, who was no stranger to these tides and the storms which increased their wild tossings, did not run his ship into the midst thereof, but deeming prudence better than valour, he made for Long Hope, a shelter the Orkneys afford, and we rode at anchor within hearing of the storm outside, and seeing the fierce scudding of the wind-driven clouds over the moon-lit sky.

At an early hour next morning the sea had abated somewhat, and though the wind blew a fresh breeze, the sky was clear, so we ploughed through the

Pentland, and reached Scrabster Pier just as the rain was preparing to give us another benefit. I walked to the town, left my knapsack, and started in full waterproof armament for the coast that lies round Holborn Head. It was strange walking, and many curious places were seen in their wildest garb: arches under which the sea broke in sheets of green and white—outstanding stacks where in certain months myriads of sea-birds have their home. The one I have sketched is called the Clett: the waves broke around it and flowed between the cliffs and its base, with circling masses of water filled with air-bells held under the surface from the time when the wave sucked them in. Many yards inland there were strange holes that went some four hundred feet down, till the sea-water prevented the eye reaching any farther, and numerous caves diversified the coast. All the while the rain and the wind were robing the scene in the freshest of colour, and whetting my appreciation of its glories.

ARCH, THURSO COAST.

CLIFFS TO THE WEST OF DUNNET HEAD.

Thurso my readers will have heard much about, at the time when his Royal Highness visited it to open the Exhibition there in the autumn of 1876. I saw that Exhibition, and did find it a great treat to

see so far north some of the choice gems of painting from South Kensington. Many other contributions were of interest; but it was strange to look on this picture and on that—to see on the same walls so many poor efforts at painting alongside of *chef-d'œuvres* of artistic power.

Concerts were being held in the building. The fruit of the little enlivening the quaint old northern town has got through the Exhibition may be seen by-and-bye. It was certainly unique, such an Exhibition, so near the northern shore and the Pentland waves. We will leave the waves to sing a plaintive closing requiem over the Exhibition that was held, and hope Thurso may enjoy much true prosperity.

THE CLETT STACK, NEAR THURSO.

THE GREEN MARKET, ABERDEEN.

CHAPTER XI.

ABERDEEN Station was a welcome sight to me after fifteen hours in a railway carriage, and welcome too was the face of a genial friend, who was waiting my arrival to convey me to his bachelor's quarters, where we had a royal time. If this friend gives his talent full play, we may expect one of these days to see in print humorous "Etchings of Aberdeen Worthies," by a limb of the law.

He introduced me to a few Aberdonians, and I found that though they live in a granite city and are called hard names, there is underneath the shell of extreme business keenness a wholesome kernel of good feeling. In regard to their sharpness in money matters, a story is told of a Jew who went to try his fortune in that city. He returned south to his brethren, who interrogated him

about his want of success, asking how it was that there was not room for even one Jew to live in so wealthy a place. "Ah," said Abraham, "the truth is, they be all Jews in Aberdeen." And some learn young: you may meet them in the street. A countryman heard a lad crying "Matches, three boxes a penny." Having invested a penny, he found the boxes only half full: told the urchin of the roguery, he got the further comfort, "Hutz, man, ye need na' mind, for they 'll no licht."

The markets held in Aberdeen are on an extensive scale, and are dissimilar to any I have seen in other parts of the country. There is one held in Castle Street, one in the Market House, and a third at the back thereof, having an old well as a centre: this last is called the Green Market, and is the subject of the sketch; that under cover is for dairy produce, and it was a very great treat to go through this market, and see the women sitting in long rows, comfortably dressed, and having a copious display of spotless white in caps and shawls, and the butter and eggs and fowls all so well—so temptingly laid out. Here also flowers were on sale, and many shops have permanent stances, and sell *souvenirs*, &c.; here also, and in the gallery above, the butchers have their benches; while underneath are the fish-shops,—among them one kept by "the Bonny Fishwife." I had a look at her face, and while owning the justice of her appellation, I know in her younger days she must have been very much bonnier (more lovely).

The market with the old cross in Castle Street for a centre has various attractions. "What is not here to be purchased?" is the question you incline to ask. Many of the merchants, you would judge, have all their stock carried thither, and the country people, instead of treading the hard pavements of the streets for hours, can get all they desire at this weekly fair in a short space of time. Here you find the confectioner and the fruiterer, the new and old shoe-stall, displays of new clothes, screens hung with left-off garments; here is the grocer, the cheesemonger, the vendor of small wares, picture sellers, tool merchants, coopers and tinkers, also dealers in furniture, and now and again noisy men selling universal medicines and other wonders, and also the Birmingham salesman, with his caravan of goods to be given away by Dutch auction at nominal prices. A walk by the shore is also of interest, for the waves come with great force, and wrecks are frequent. I give a sketch of one I saw when there, and though at the time I visited the scene the storm had abated, the waves were no puny creatures without force,—they came

ABERDEEN HARBOUR.

with power and broke on the beach with a thud. The wrecked schooner "Dunchattan" was on her way for Inverness; stress of weather caused the master to make for Aberdeen Harbour; he mistook the lights, and finding his ship abreast of the north pier, there was only left to him the option of running

WRECK OF THE "DUNCHATTAN," ABERDEEN BAY.

against the pier or on the beach; he chose the safer alternative, and ran ashore opposite the lifeboat-house. After striking three or four times heavily, she grounded about one hundred and fifty yards from the beach. The tide was almost full. Speedily the fishermen of Footdee manned the lifeboat and rowed through the breakers to the rescue. Of the crew of four, three were taken safely on board; the fourth fell between the lifeboat and the ship, a wave having carried the boat from under him at the moment when he made the leap: through his having taken a rope with him, he got into the vessel again till the lifeboat got alongside and rescued him. Barely ten minutes elapsed from the striking of the vessel till the time when the crew were landed.

I was curious to have a peep at the shows that come to Aberdeen to provide amusement for the people. Down near the harbour is a corner where there is a stance allowed them. I was well pleased with the tone: I do not think I heard one word or saw aught that might not with perfect propriety be enacted in any drawing-room of the kingdom. I am, happily, ignorant, so far as being an eye-witness, of the tone of low music halls, of which such dark pictures are given to us; and it is a joy to me to bear record that, even among what we are accustomed to look upon as the lower stratum of society, there is an appreciation of exhibitions of what the gentleman who performed called "natural science" and "magical feats," apart altogether from that pandering to baser tastes, which is too often done in theatrical exhibitions. Another pleasant incident is the confidence with which the little boy or girl is sent round with the hat after performing, and the general chinking of coppers that are cordially dropped therein. In this case, Puss, the performing cat, a regular giant of the feline race, was rather indisposed—had caught a heavy cold, and was excused from exhibiting his skill; but we had fire-eating, magical multiplication of articles out of a hat, mesmerism, and the like.

OLD ABERDEEN.

Old Aberdeen, unlike Old Edinburgh, is a distance away from New. The

drawing of it engraved shows it in a November day, as the snows were coating here and there the fields and hills beyond. It is interesting to walk to it, and be shown through the old cathedral of St. Machar, also to walk by the Brig of Don or Balgownie. Byron had seen it when a boy, and retained a vivid impression of it: he thus refers to it. "The Brig of Don, near the auld town of Aberdeen, with its one arch and its deep black salmon stream below, is in my

BALGOWNIE BRIG, NEAR ABERDEEN.

memory as yesterday. I still remember, though perhaps I may misquote, the awful proverb which made me cross to read it, and yet lean over it with childish delight, being an only son, at least by the mother's side. The saying, as recollected by me, was this, but I have never heard nor seen it since I was nine years of age:

'Brig of Balgownie, black 's your wa',
Wi' a wife's ae son, and a mare's ae foal,
Doon ye shall fa' !'"

Time was also spent pleasantly walking through the streets of New Aberdeen, among the shipping, over the bleak-looking fields, whose sterility has by dint of persevering labour been made to yield good harvests. It was a wonder to look at some of the dykes formed of stones taken from the fields; they were high and some six or seven feet in thickness. There is also a charm about the coast, along the cliffs, within sight, hearing, and breathing of the ocean and her joyous sea-breezes, and away by the fishing stations, where the savoury Aberdeen Finnon haddocks are smoked. A friend took me through a number

of the Sabbath-schools: for management and hearty work they seemed to have reached a high point; one seemed to have a thousand scholars of different ages, all in perfect discipline. It is a favour to get admission to the school, the superintendent often having to keep scholars waiting for some time till he has a vacant place. They were all cheerful and happy, and not like the morose creatures some people would picture their being in the land where the milk the bairns get to drink is the Shorter Catechism.

The time in Aberdeen was spent so pleasantly, it flew fast, and only the call of work tore me away from the Granite City and my friend's bachelor hall.

ON THE DEE, FROM BALLATER.

The route I chose for the home-coming was *viâ* Balmoral. The journey is by rail as far as Ballater; the line for a great part of the way keeps within hail of the River Dee, and leads through a considerable variety of wild Highland moor and wood and mountain-land, by village and many castellated mansions embowered amid trees, now almost leafless, for we were now fully launched into the middle of bleak November. Snow-showers were frequent; there had been one mantling in snowy garb of mountain and valley, one blocking of the line of rail; we were able to trace the places where the drift had been gathered to the greatest depth: it lay unmelted in the corners of the fields, while up among the hills a frosting of new-fallen snow displayed powerfully the form of each knoll and slope, and rendered intensely green the dark Scotch firs. The sky 'tween various moods was hovering; the grey predominated, but the gay

BALMORAL.

would not be altogether hid. The blue peeped through, and the silver lining was here and there telling that the sunward side of the grey clouds was all aglow with light. We saw, too, over the whole landscape, the result of a northern and a southern exposure: the one displayed dark earth or withered grass, the other snow-lading, for the storm had come from the chilly north.

Ballater, on the afternoon of Monday, 13th November, looked dreary enough. The hotels were deserted, the lodging-houses forsaken, the windows cased in brown paper till another spring, the river inky in colour, the dark brow of Craig-en-Darroch (the Rock of Oaks) reigned a very grim rock, with weather-worn features, but who in summer-time sends down on the village he protects floods of genial heat which his height enables him to catch as he looks on the sun; and I saw little token of the great healing powers of the Wells of Pannanich, for nobody was traceable in the grounds.

After a night in the temperance hotel, a walk the following morning in the rain brought me in sight of the Scottish home of our much and justly-esteemed Queen. Her Majesty was still in her Highland retreat, and our hearts beat in fullest sympathy with her who loves so devotedly her mountain-girded palace; nor is it hard to unravel the taste that prefers communing with a few select friends, and sacred never-to-be-forgotten memories, to the ceaseless routine of official life. The whole district, despite the bleakness of November days, was replete with pictures I may not endeavour to convey in words. My reader who loves such scenes has hundreds of them in his own mind: they live there intensely real, and yet if you try to put them on paper, the charm seems gone. How can we communicate the thrill of joy that goes direct to the heart at the sight of a shadow passing over a hill-side and sailing over a sullen stream, or that which comes to us as glints of sunlight are playing sportively into distance and foreground, or breathe to another the exhilarating influence of mountain air? The Cairn-na-Quheen, or "Cairn of Remembrance," on the north bank of Dee—the gathering-spot where our forefathers met after being summoned by the bearer of the fiery cross, as it was borne in haste by breathless runner from strath to strath, and from hamlet to hamlet, is close by the river, and commands a considerable extent of country.

The weather was too grey and cloudy to enable me to see the farthest hills, and the mountain-land remains for future exploration, and also the dark Loch-na-Gar, of which Byron so tellingly writes in his lines, contrasting gayer landscapes with the rugged grandeur and more congenial moods of that solemn

mountain. A thorough wetting gave increased thankfulness for the comforts of the "Invercauld Arms," the little inn within two miles of Balmoral; and towards evening of the next day, after the rain ceased, I thought it wise to be

CAIRN-NA-QUHEEN, BALMORAL.

on the move, and walked to Braemar. It was all under a very mysterious influence—the woods, the hills, the river, and the mountains beyond, and so also was the village. On the way the royal party passed, and I saw Her Majesty, as if in a pensive semi-slumber reclining in the open carriage, going homeward.

The walk from Braemar village through the Braes of Mar to Glen Shee,

BRAES OF MAR.

was one of surpassing interest. The whole vale was filled with clouds of mist, whose risings and fallings and transparent veilings gave a weird atmosphere to the whole. For hours the clouds were manœuvring, and the uninitiated traveller could easily be led to linger till nightfall among their revellings; not so the dwellers within some miles of this hill road. These clouds were about to give the mountain leagues a copious benefit, and I had a good share

NEARING GLEN SHEE.

before the "Invercauld Arms" at Glen Shee provided a welcome shelter. How much we have in these days to be thankful for when travelling, if we compare our circumstances with those of tourists a quarter or half a century ago! Please read the very humorous note I have quoted in the Appendix from Macculloch's tour.*

And now just one sentence to describe my journey from Glen Shee to Edinburgh. A rainy morning and a very rainy day enabled me to get a good wetting, to see many gorgeous bits of colouring, to sketch Bridge of Cally

* Appendix. Note R.

when the river was in full spate, and to sympathize with a poor drooket packman, who was bound for the inner reaches of the glen, to sell small wares and national songs; and it hastened me home, spending a night in the fair city of Perth, and a couple of days in bonnie Dundee—both of which places I must leave meantime, and hasten across the Tay, by rail through Fife, and over the Firth in the ferry-boat, and say good night till we meet on a summer morning in my study in the classic city of Edina.

GLEN SHEE.

BRIDGE OF CALLY.

ST. ANTHONY'S CHAPEL, EDINBURGH.

CHAPTER XII.

I HAVE described so much grey and rainy weather in the preceding chapters, I will endeavour to give my reader a Ramble in which not a rain-shower is allowed to intrude, though, with our climate, it may prove rather a hard task.

As I write, I look out on a sultry scene from the cool bower afforded me in my snug study in the artist quarter of our city. Not a fleck of cloud breaks the blue canopy under which the landscape reposes. The stone walls, grey slated roofs, yellow-and-white-blinded windows, and the chimney-stalks of the houses opposite, having pots with coats, figures, and positions much like

those of an awkward squad of militia recruits at drill. All are basking in the sun's strong rays. In a back plot of ground a group of children are out playing with a ball, and greatly enjoying to sit down on a new garden-seat "father" has bought for them: rigged out in new straw hats, they are happy that the long long succession of cold damp days, which made fires and winter clothes the companions of May and even early June, have said good bye; glad the trees have at length a coating of green leafage sufficiently dense to throw a shadow on the grass under which they may shelter at noon; glad the flowers are at length blossoming so copiously that they may cull one or two, and that over the high walls a butterfly or a bee may come every now and again to visit them. Over the tops of these houses is a dreamy landscape, with a blending of cathedral, church, street, terrace, villa, and humble cottage, farm, nursery garden, and the still place of tombs; many a tree-row, wood-embowered mansion, and white-walled home with red-tiled roof, repose amid the aërial tints. The Firth of Forth lies beyond, and farther still the sandy shores, the hills, the plains, the fishing villages and the seaport towns of the kingdom of Fife. Seaward, the eastern mists seal the view, barely letting us see the white wall that crowns Inchkeith or its lighthouse tower. Westward were beauteous blendings of the most delicate tintings, but all pale in tone. As you continue to peer into it, the masses take shape and unfold fine tracings of form; but the glorious land beyond, the mountain-land that rises above the vale of Forth, and has its home amid the lakes, which sometimes at eventide is unfolded in regal splendour, when it has seemed as if the sun had chosen himself a palace there, and had lain him down to rest, while these mountains kept guard around him,—all this land was curtained off, to be seen only by those who made a pilgrimage thither.

Yesterday I thought to have a ramble, and to enjoy some of the fine bits that surround our classic city; but, alas! it was a day when the chief luxury of the country was escaping from the town, and liberty to breathe the free air of heaven. From early morning till midnight we had an Italian sky, minus the clearness: we had the cloudlessness; but the smoke of the city and the warm haze that clung to the scene kept all the charming distances, which so greatly enhance pictures of Edinburgh and its surroundings, vague as the shadows of a dream or as if washed out under a layer of milk. In the city, wise people chose the shady side of the streets and wore straw hats. A friend accompanied me on a leisurely walk to Penicuick. What did we see in our walk

thither? My friend was ever hoping I was taking notes, for he did not see much noteworthy, but I have yet to see the mile of Scottish soil that is devoid of beauty or interest. We had the new southern suburb of Grange, a camp of villas, and the Crags at the back of Arthur's Seat, prominent among them Samson's Ribs, whose columnar rib-like structure the late Dr. Guthrie used to view admiringly when he rose betimes to prepare the sermons he preached with so much eloquence from the pulpit of Free St. John's. We

CALTON HILL FROM ROSEBANK.

saw the Braid Hills faintly smiling through the haze. The woods long having their glory undisplayed were now decked with regal robes; the hedgerows were all rejoicing in mantles of emerald, and buddings of hawthorn blossom gave additional lustre; and in the meadow-land near a little water-course sparkling in the sunlight the blue sky lent a cool sheen to each upturned blade and leaf; while the buttercups and the daisies embroidered with modest blossoms nature's carpeting. Some horses out of harness rolled themselves over and over among the clover; the ducks made for the stream; the cottagers were in the shadow of their homes, the children bareheaded; the village carter wended his way for the city with a very miscellaneous store. A travelling show was also city-bound, and the men seemed to be in their own land, so warmly shone the sun while they sat in front of the caravan that was their moving home: the last waggon contained the stock-in-trade for erecting the theatre of amusements. At a farm we saw a company of six

shepherds shearing the sheep; the sheep presented a striking contrast before and after clipping, for sheep who live near the city get a goodly share of smoke, and often have coats that among Highland-bred sheep would give them a reverend appearance: when clipped, they left the shearers' hands like new-fallen snow-flakes, while staid dames carried the begrimed fleece to have it sewed into bags and weighed. The road-men were at the tedious work of breaking their cubic measurement of road metal. One or two gigs and a private carriage out-distanced the few foot passengers who were strolling by the wayside.

A QUIET NOOK NEAR EDINBURGH.

It is needless to enumerate the houses, the shops, the quarries, the kirks, and the fields we passed, or to give the names of the roadside wild flowers, though we continuously met some new feature that would have repaid a careful description. We were thankful to get a quiet resting-place out of the sunshine in a Penicuick temperance refreshment-room, where the purveyor is general merchant, baker, dealer in toys, bookseller, reading-room keeper, and librarian, —a man who has taken a leaf from the Canadian books, and has on the walls and wooden palings of the country-side for miles round, "OAT-CAKES ARE MADE DAILY BY JAMES BLACK, PENICUICK."

After refreshment we asked our way for the hills (the Pentlands), and by rugged path 'tween fields and over the grass, by rippling burn and bare hill-side, and young fir-trees and whins, we wandered, not careful to keep to the beaten

track. On reaching the Compensation Ponds, I found it hard to restrain my companion from breaking through all bounds, and having a swim in the reservoir which supplies Edinburgh's thousands with water. We saw a little side pool, where hundreds of small minnows were basking in the sunshine: they were about an inch and a half long; others, about double the size, were sailing up and down with much liveliness and grace. We threw some bread to them, but it had no attracting power; one or two took a bite, but it made no fight and general feast as we anticipated. The road over the hill was tame, and lacking in those grand features we looked for, and which I recollect

COTTAGE NEAR EDINBURGH, WITH THE PENTLAND HILLS IN THE DISTANCE.

seeing on my last visit. The haze was one reason; the other was, my last was a boyish visit, when I climbed three of the highest points of the Pentlands, and roamed altogether independent of road or mountain-track. I thought now to revisit the shepherd's cottage where, on a summer morning at six o'clock, we arrived, after having walked some nine or ten miles. Our mission was to bring the bees to let them feed on the heather for some weeks. It was a morning of mornings, and our companion,—a very worthy man, a blacksmith, one of the most independent and humblest of men, a lover of all that is beautiful, fond of poetry, and who frequently wrote homely sparkling verses. I lodged for some time with him, and enjoyed his company much. I was ever pointing out some new glory in the sky. He said so characteristically to me, "Ay, John, man, but ye hae an awfu' wark wi' thae

clouds. I hope ye'll dwell abune them one day." He is a man who makes little profession of religion, and in a meeting has extreme reluctance to let his voice be heard; but if there is a sick one within many miles, he will make for that home after his day of hard work, and minister to them; and every Sabbath he has the bairns round about gathered into his kitchen, to tell them in his own simple manner the story of the Cross of Christ. We found the shepherd's cottage all closed,—not a voice or an echo,—and we turned from it with a little sadness, as I had hoped to renew acquaintance with the good friends who dwelt there. He and his mother have gone to have a farm of their own; the shepherd who is to take his place had not yet come to occupy. As we looked towards the place where Edina's castellated rock and stately streets have their location, we could see only the mists from the Firth of Forth, as the sun from its westward-gliding course warmed them, while the whole of the fertile vale was mellowed into a land of dreamy shadows.

At Currie we again halted, and from our retreat we looked out on the Water of Leith, whose banks are there very rugged, and gaily clothed with leafage and wild flowers, while her bed has many rocks. It was about midnight, and the moon's pale rays were beaming as we walked homeward by the banks of the canal, and enjoyed the cool atmosphere and the placid pictures on every side of us.

We must not think to ramble round Edinburgh farther, but rather give a few general jottings, commending the reader who is a stranger to the city to the guides, who will be delighted to lead him through all the sights, and these are very many. They include the Palace of Holyrood, the Regalia at the Castle, the National Gallery, Antiquarian and Industrial Museums, the different monuments from which extensive sights are commanded, and the special attractions that vary with the season and the fashion. Also the pleasing excursions that may be enjoyed in summer by rail and steamboat, tramway car or hired carriage, to our seaboard villages, or inland beauteously-wooded and stream-enlivened retreats. Wherever one wanders, the general view of Edinburgh—the vantage it holds from its position as a city set upon hills overlooking a wide stretch of country, a winding river, and a beauteous Firth—will draw out one's heartiest admiration. From Arthur's Seat, the Crags, the Calton Hill, the Castle, or Corstorphine Hills, the beautiful position of Edina is seen. While walking along Princes Street the grand old rock and the giant houses to the east of it are seen to great advantage: the veteran piles of stone and lime are

becoming fewer, and newer buildings fill their place. Lovers of old Edinburgh, who knew it fifty years ago, what would they think if they could have one walk along the Princes Street of that day, and could look on the Old Town as it then was, and a walk along the Princes Street of 1877? The changes have come little by little, but most surely the old marks have been disappearing, and we know not what wondrous changes the schoolboy of this year may see if he live for half a century. Princes Street has now many handsome hotels and shops: those retaining their old architecture are by force of contrast

PEEP OF EDINBURGH FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

rendered poor and bald, and will soon have to give place. George Street has fewer buildings that have altered their frontage; but Leith Walk has quite changed its character, and is now the link that binds in one strong bond the seaport town to its queenly city. Within my own memory a large part of it was without houses, and there were long rows of quaint one-storied dwellings occupied by small shopkeepers, bird-sellers, showmen, menders of shoes, and makers of sweetmeats. This locality was known as "the miserable row." The nursery gardens had a large space allocated to them; now there are streets of tall houses fronting and branching into the Walk; and viewed from the Calton Hill, it is evident that Edinburgh and Leith are one. Westward and southward the city is environed with villa-lined roads and new churches. Tram-lines and cars enable the business men to go out and in with ease.

For many years we have been told of dull bad trade; yet the houses

multiply, and those who lived in £10 houses rise to occupy those with a rent of £20; and so on, till you find thousands of householders living in handsome self-contained houses, with gardens in front, who some years back were dwellers in what Scotch folk call *a flat*. The chief art attraction we have is our annual Royal Scottish Academy Exhibition of paintings, open from the middle of February to the end of April. The works by native resident artists display valuable qualities—an appreciation of nature and a love of colour. Comparatively few come to tackle important subjects, or take a high place as draughtsmen, though we have some men who are strong in this also; and the walls are enriched year by year by specimens from the studios of the London Scottish artists—those who have left Edina for the great national centre, but whose hearts are still in a great measure in the Highlands. Every Exhibition has choice bits from the English and foreign schools. Many of our great lights have ceased to shine, and we miss them. How students rejoiced to gather round the glowing colour in John Philips' works, and to admire the poetry, so truly Scottish, that breathed in the pictures of our late President, Sir George Harvey! while lovers of mountain and lake were refreshed to look on Maccullock's mirror-like reflections of these scenes. Nor will we soon forget the works of Dyce, Sir John Watson Gordon, and Graham Gilbert or David Roberts. We have here, as in other parts, two schools or styles,—colourists, and subject painters or designers; and for some time the student is apt to make shipwreck between the two, particularly if he meets with indiscreet advocates of either. I believe Mr. Sam Bough's advice to a young student is excellent: "Learn to draw; your eye for colour is good, but little use till you learn to draw; you'll never make saut to yer kail till ye learn to draw." A new Exhibition is now opened at the west end of the city in connection with an institution called the Albert Institute. We are encouraged to hope it will stimulate the younger artists to produce better pictures, and encourage the sale of good work. We have scope for more national art: all our Highlands and islands are teeming with histories and traditions, manners and customs, and scenes worthy of the life-labours of our most gifted sons, yet few care to venture into this field. It needs a born Highlander to understand aright our Scottish Highlanders, and to gather from them all the lore they know, so as to give to us pictures that will live in after ages. The Covenanting pictures by Sir George Harvey are a very near realization of that which I refer to. His heart breathed alike in sympathy with the men and their land. He entered

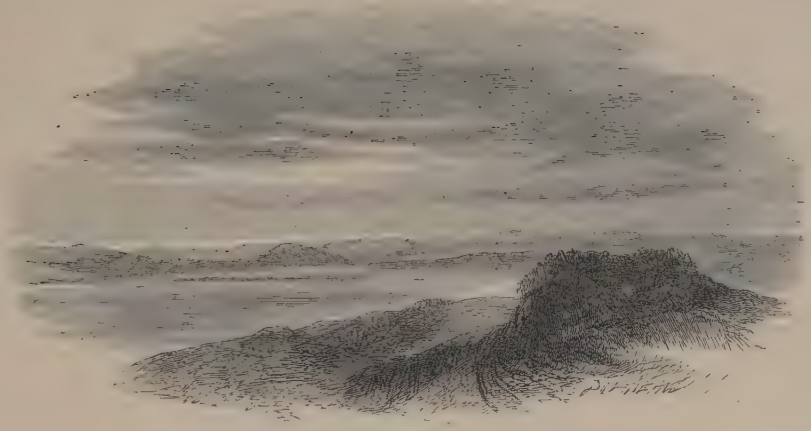
VIEW FROM WEST PRINCES STREET GARDENS, EDINBURGH.

into the very soul of the subjects he painted, like an actor who lives the part he plays. He became a part of, or had his soul in, such pictures as "Leaving of Manse" and "Battle of Drumclog," and also in the landscapes of his later years, which wooed our hearts to increase of love and admiration of our native country—its quiet glades as well as its rugged mountains or stern rock coast.

I would that these Illustrated Rambles in ever so faint a degree may call forth in other minds and hearts sympathies like to those awakened in me by the works of this great master of painting, then the labour will not have been in vain.

A LITTLE BIT OF THE OLD TOWN OF EDINBURGH.

APPENDIX.



THE TAY ABOVE DUNDEE.

APPENDIX.

NOTE A. INCHCOLM.

The ancient name of the island was Æmona, which in Celtic means "the Island of the Druids," so that it would appear that, before the introduction of Christianity, the Druids had a place of worship here. After Christianity had been introduced the island seems to have been taken possession of by some of the followers of St. Columba, who here erected a small chapel dedicated to that saint; and from that circumstance the present name of the island is derived. About the year 1123 Alexander I., in consequence of having found refuge here from a terrible tempest while he was crossing the Firth, and in fulfilment of a vow made by him at the crisis of his peril, founded on the island and richly endowed a monastery for Augustinian canons-regular, dedicating it to St. Columba. Allan de Mortimer, Lord of Aberdour, gave to the monks the moiety of the lands of his town of Aberdour for a burying-place to himself and his posterity in their church.

—*The Imperial Gazetteer of Scotland.* Fullarton & Co., Edinburgh.

Note B. "The Bass Rock."

This work is the joint production of various authors. It contains "The Civil and Ecclesiastical History of the Bass," by the Rev. Thomas M'Crie; "The Geology of the Bass," by Hugh Miller; "The Martyrs of the Bass," by the Rev. James Anderson; "The Zoology of the Bass," by John Fleming, D.D., F.R.S.E., Professor of Natural Science in the New College, Edinburgh; "The Botany of the Bass," by John Hutton Balfour, M.D., F.R.S.E., Professor of Botany in the University of Edinburgh.

Note C. "The Martyrs of the Bass."

The Rev. Mr. Anderson in the above work gives a list of thirty-nine men, principally preachers of the Gospel, who were confined in the dungeons of the Bass for adherence to Presbyterian principles at the time when Charles II. had, by getting his Parliament to pass an Act giving to him supreme power in Church matters, established Prelacy. He also gives us the biographies of many of their number. The following is the epitaph on the tombstone erected in North Berwick Churchyard to John Blackadder, one of the most prominent of the Bass martyrs:

"Blest John, for Jesus' sake, in Patmos bound,
His prison Bethel, Patmos, Pisgah found;
So the bless'd John, on yonder rock confined,—
His body suffer'd, but no chains could bind
His heaven-aspiring soul: while day by day,
As from Mount Pisgah's top he did survey
The promised land, and view'd the crown by faith
Laid up for those who faithful are to death.
Grace formed him in the Christian Hero's mould,—
Meek in his own concerns—in's Master's bold;
Passions to Reason chained, Prudence did lead—
Zeal warm'd his breast, and Reason cool'd his head.
Five years on the lone rock, yet sweet abode,
He Enoch-like enjoyed, and walk'd with God;
Till by long living on this heavenly food,
His soul by love grew up too great, too good
To be confined to jail, or flesh and blood.
Death broke his fetters off, then swift he fled
From sin and sorrow; and by angels led,
Enter'd the mansions of eternal joy;—
Blest soul, thy warfare 's done, praise, love, enjoy.
His dust here rests till Jesus come again,—
Even so, blest Jesus, come,—come, Lord. Amen."

Note D. Inchkeith.

In the early autumn of 1497 Edinburgh was visited by plague, and Inchkeith was used as the hospital. The following is an extract from an order from the Privy Council to the magistrates of Edinburgh, dated September, 1497, directing "that all manner of persons within the freedom of this burgh who are infected of the contagious plague called the *grangore*, devoid, rid, and pass furth of this town, and compeer on the sands of Leith at ten hours before noon, and there shall have and find boats ready in the harbour, ordered them by the officers of this burgh, ready furnished with victuals, to have them to the Inch (Inchkeith), and there to remain quhill God provide for their health;" and further, that all who were infected with the plague and did not proceed to the Inch should be "brynt on the cheeke with the marking-irne, that they may be kennit in time to cum."

—Maitland's *History of Edinburgh.*

Note E. Neil Gow.

A famed native musician. Born 1727, died 1807. "A short, stout-built, honest Highland figure, with his greyish hair shed on his honest social brow; an interesting face, marking strong sense, kind open-heartedness, mixed with unmistrusting simplicity." —Robert Burns.

Note F. Air-Bath.

Extract of Letter from Dr. Benjamin Franklin to M. Dubourg.

"London, July 28, 1768.

"I greatly approve the epithet which you give in your letter of the 8th of June to the new method of treating small-pox, which you call the *tonic* or bracing method. I will take occasion from it to mention a practice to which I have accustomed myself. You know the cold bath has long been in vogue here as a tonic, but the shock of the cold water has always appeared to me, generally speaking, as too violent, and I have found it much more agreeable to my constitution to bathe in another element—I mean cold air. With this

view I rise early almost every morning, and sit in my chamber without any clothes whatever half an hour or an hour, according to the season, either reading or writing. This practice is not in the least painful, but, on the contrary, agreeable; and if I return to bed afterwards before I dress myself, as sometimes happens, I make a supplement to my night's rest of one or two hours of the most pleasing sleep that can be imagined. I find no ill consequences whatever resulting from it; and that at least it does not injure my health, if it does not, in fact, contribute much to its preservation. I shall therefore call it for the future a *bracing* or *tonic* bath."

Note G. Robert Burns on Robert Ferguson.

"My elder brother in misfortune,
By far my elder brother in the muses.

"Ill-fated genius! heaven-taught Ferguson!
What heart that feels and will not yield a tear,
To think life's sun did set ere well begun
To shed its influence on thy bright career?
Oh! why should truest worth and genius pine
Beneath the iron grasp of want and woe,
While titled knaves and idiot greatness shine
In all the splendour fortune can bestow?"

—From *Biographical Memoir of Ferguson.* W. & R. Chambers.

Note H. Sir William Wallace (Dark Sketch).

"At the same time there was in Scotland a certain young man *(juvenis)*, William le Walles by name, an archer, who sought his food with his bow and quiver, born and brought up in the very dregs of the population, even among outlaws." —*Wallace Papers*, p. 8.

"There was a certain public robber, William Valays by name, who had often been outlawed, finding himself a vagabond, he gathered together."

—*Wallace Papers*, p. 33.

Note I. Sir William Wallace (Portrait in Bright Noonday Sunlight).

"In that same year the illustrious soldier William Wallace, the hammer and whip of Englishmen, son of a noble knight of the same name, lifted up

his head; and when he saw how his people were trodden down, and the possessions of the Scots given into the hand of the enemy, his heart was grieved, and he was exceeding sorrowful. The same had his stature tall, his body bigger than common men, his face gentle, his expression joyful, his shoulders broad, his bones great, his belly shapely, his sides clean sloping, his look comely, but his eyes piercing; his thighs were broad and his arms and legs sinewy, his hands very hard, and in all his limbs he was very strong and well knit together. Moreover, the Most High, who had marked his ever-changing expression with a kind of gracious brightness, gave him also an heavenly gift of grace in word and deed, so that to see him was enough to make the hearts of all Scotchmen who were true love him and incline toward him. No wonder! In gifts he was most bountiful, in judgment most upright, to the sorrowing most tender, in advising most wise, in suffering most patient, in speech most deep. His greatest abhorrence was for falsehood and lying, his uttermost loathing for treason; and therefore was the Lord with him, through whom he was a man whose every work prospered in his hand.

"He venerated the Church, he respected the clergy, he supported the poor widows, he poured kindness upon little children and orphans, he relieved the oppressed, he warred against thieves and robbers, and executed justice and severe punishment on them without reward. God, in whose sight his righteous works were exceedingly well pleasing, ordered all his works for him. He almost at the beginning of his warfare slew, in the town of Lanark, the Sheriff of Lanark, an Englishman," &c.

—Fordun. From *Wallace Papers*, p. 103.

Note J. Brig o' Turk.

This to the artist is one of the most advantageous places wherein to find a quiet lodging during the summer months. Its proximity to Loch Katrine and the Trosachs, the rich variety of Glen Finlas, and the fine foreground bits that abound everywhere, combined with the truly picturesque homes of the people, make it a place to be desired. I reached it on my first visit at a late hour on a dark night, and had difficulty in finding the cottage where a brother artist told me to go. When I did reach it I found the good woman of the house about to retire with her large family of small children. She promised

me a bed in an outhouse, but said I might go in and see the gentleman who had rented the house where she lives in the winter months. I went, and as artist brothers we became good friends. He let me see all his pictures, and we had art news and views along with our coffee. His son slept with himself, and vacated his bed for me. Next morning after breakfast the father read a small portion of God's Word, and engaged shortly in prayer with his family. Thereafter they—the father, the son, and the daughter—went each to paint from nature the subjects they had on the easel, and I got a lodging on the other side of Finlas Water, and found the glen was well stocked with knights of the brush. In the evening I visited the stout old lady known over Scotland as Big Kate Ferguson, and heard her sing, or rather squeak, "My Nannie's awa'." She had staying with her a very small slim woman, and the contrast was indeed striking.

Note K. Brodick Bay.

James Wilson, in his "Voyage round the Coasts of Scotland and the Isles," describes crab-catching in the early morning at Brodick Bay.

"We remember during a former visit being witness to what was to us a novel mode of catching crabs. We happened to be astir in a small boat in Brodick Bay about three o'clock one beautiful summer morning. Our chief object was to watch the soft uprising of those 'fleecy folds, voluminous and vast,' which during early morning hours brood over the yet sombre valleys at the base of Goat Fell, and to watch the rosy tints as they descended from peak to peak, while

> 'Fair Aurora lifted up her head,
> All blushing rose from old St. Mona's bed.'

But we soon perceived two men in a small craft who seemed quite unconscious that

> 'The flaming chariot of the world's great eye'

was now almost upon them. Their little boat hung motionless on the waveless mirror of the bay in about ten feet depth of water; and after for a minute or thereby holding their faces close upon the surface, they seemed suddenly to pull a long pole out of the water with something adhering to its extremity. We soon found that they were taking advantage of the glassy stillness of the water to overlook the early walk of crabs. They no sooner saw these crusty

crustaceans on the subaqueous sand, than they poked them behind with their long staves. The crabs turned round to revenge the indignity, and, like Russian gen-d'armes, seized upon the unsuspecting poles. These latter were slightly shaken by the fishermen as if in pain or terror; the angry creatures clung all the closer, and were then rapidly hoisted into the boat."

NOTE L. STORY FROM MRS. GRANT'S "ESSAYS ON THE SUPERSTITIONS OF THE HIGHLANDERS."

"A woman in very humble life hearing that a person whom she was accustomed to regard as a superior was inconsolable for the loss of a favourite child, and neglected her duties and friends to abandon herself to unavailing sorrow, she (the poor woman) pressed boldly in to give her a lesson of resignation, in gratitude, as she said, for some kindness she had owed her.

"The lesson was very forcible, though simple; and what may appear very extraordinary when it is considered that this comforter could not read, many Scriptural arguments were quoted. This, however, is not unusual.

"In the process of her discourse she illustrated her argument, as those people never fail to do, with tales of apparitions, of which two may serve as a specimen.

"The first, of a man to whose name and pedigree her hearer was no stranger, and who had lived about fifty years before in Glen Banchar. Now, Glen Banchar of all places of human habitation is the most dreary and detached, and in winter the most stormy and inaccessible.

"There was, however, much summer grazing about it; and its remoteness and the rocky barriers with which nature had surrounded it saved from all encroachment the few daring tenants who risked their lives by wintering there. They grew wealthy in cattle; and as none but themselves understood the art of managing them during the stormy season in that recess, their rent was never heightened, and they lived in their own way in great plenty and comfort.

"One peasant in particular, whose wealth, wisdom, and beneficence gave him great sway in this elevated hamlet, was fortunate in all respects but one.

"He had three very fine children, who all in succession died after having been weaned, though before they gave every promise of health and firmness. Both parents were much afflicted, but the father's grief was clamorous and

unmanly. They resolved that the next should be suckled for two years, hoping by this to avoid the repetition of such a misfortune. They did so, and the child by living longer only took a firmer hold of their affections, and furnished more materials for sorrowful recollection. At the close of the second year he followed his brothers, and there were no bounds to the affliction of the parents.

"There are, however, in the economy of Highland life certain duties and courtesies which are indispensable, and for the omission of which nothing can apologize.

"One of these is to call in all their friends and feast them at the time of the greatest family distress.

"The death of the child happened late in spring, when sheep were abroad in the more inhabited straths, but from the blasts in that high and stormy region were still confined to the cot.

"On a dismal snowy evening, the man, unable to stifle his anguish, went out, lamenting aloud, for a lamb to treat his friends with at the late-wake. At the door of the cot, however, he found a stranger standing before the entrance.

"He was astonished on such a night to meet a person so far from any frequented place. The stranger was plainly attired, but had a countenance expressive of singular mildness and benevolence; and, addressing him in a sweet, impressive voice, asked him what he did there amidst the tempest. He was filled with awe, which he could not account for, and said that he came for a lamb. 'What kind of lamb do you mean to take?' said the stranger. 'The very best I can find,' he replied, 'as it is to entertain my friends; and I hope you will share of it.' 'Do your sheep make any resistance when you take away the lamb, or any disturbance afterwards?' 'Never,' was the answer. 'How differently am I treated,' said the traveller, 'when I come to visit my sheepfold! I take, as I am well entitled to do, the best lamb to myself, and my ears are filled with the clamour of discontent by these ungrateful sheep, whom I have fed, watched, and protected.'

"He looked up in amaze, but the vision was fled. He went, however, for the lamb, and brought it home with alacrity. He did more. It was the custom of these times—a custom, indeed, which was not extinct till after 1745—for people to dance at late-wakes. It was a mournful kind of movement, but still it was dancing.

"The nearest relation of the deceased often began the ceremony weeping, but did, however, begin it, to give the example of fortitude and resignation.

"This man on other occasions had been quite unequal to the performance of this duty, but at this time he immediately, on coming in, ordered music to begin, and danced the solitary measure appropriate to such occasions.

"The reader must have very little sagacity or knowledge of the purport and consequences of visions who requires to be told that many sons were born, lived, and prospered afterwards in this reformed family."

Note M. Tiree Cottages.

The Tiree fishermen occupy a hut of small dimensions. So also do the poor people who reside at the moss, or settlement for those who pay no rent; while the crofters, who have some land under cultivation, have a better house to live in, and the necessary complement of outhouses, generally built in a row, as shown in the engraving of the farmer's house. These houses have walls of great thickness (between six and seven feet); have an inner and an outer wall, and a layer of sand between the two. The rafters supporting the roof rest on the inner building. The outer protrudes beyond the thatch, is flat on the top, grows on its ample surface a goodly store of grass and weeds, and it is not at all unusual to see the sheep grazing there.

The straw-thatched roofs are well weighted with stones, to save them from being blown off by the fierce storms that sweep over the island. The well-to-do crofters have most comfortable homes, and substantial articles of furniture, and places for storing meal and other produce of the farm. The windows in many cases were large; and the whitewash and the flowers and sea-shell decking gave them a cheerful look. Some have their walls all boarded. This makes them look better, but I am inclined to think the other is healthier in the case of all the smaller houses.

Note N. Ben Blaven.

"O Blaven, rocky Blaven!
How I long to be with you again,
To see lashed gulf and gully
Smoke white in the windy rain—

To see in the scarlet sunrise
The mist-wreaths perish with heat,
The wet rock slide with a trickling gleam
Right down to the cataract's feet;
While towards the crimson islands
Where the sea-birds flutter and skirl,
A cormorant flaps o'er a steep ocean floor
Of tremulous mother-of-pearl.
The silent dews that heaven distils
At midnight on the lonely hills;
The shower that all the mountain dims,
On which the lordly rainbow swims;
The torrents from the thunder gloom
Let loose as by the stroke of doom;
The whirling waterspout, that cracks
Into a hundred cataracts,
Are swallowed by the thirsty ground,
And day and night without a sound,
Through banks of marl and belts of ores,
They filter through its million pores,
Losing each foul and turbid stain;
And fed by many a trickling vein,
The well through silent days and years
Fills slowly, like an eye with tears."

—Alexander Smith.

Note O. The Gaelic School-house, Isle of Skye.

Boisterous weather frequently imprisoned me in my lonely lodging at Stenscholl Inn, Staffin Bay. The view from the parlour window was bleak enough in stormy weather. It looks southward to the "Storr Rock," and includes seven miles of moss and moor, about twoscore of crofters' thatched huts, the English school-house, the auld kirk, and the minister's manse.

Having heard that there was a Gaelic school in the neighbourhood, I chose a day when the weather prevented "climbing to the Cuiraing" or "boating in the bay" to visit it. On pacing the mile of cart-road between the inn and this school, some of the native cottages are seen, and I often saw a lunatic—a man of middle height, about thirty years of age, with bare head and bosom and bare legs, a garb of claret-coloured homespun tweed of indescribable cut. This day he seemed to vie with the ducks in the enjoyment of the drenching rain. Drooket Skye wives and maidens I met going to and coming from the mill with the last of the corn or barley from the stack. The sheep had left the moorland common, and, in company with ponies and cattle, sheltered from the fierceness of the blast at the gable-ends and side-walls of the build-

ings. The Cuiraing was mantled in clouds, much as it was that day when, despite the rain, we cooked our chops for dinner at its base, and were witness of the wrath of a shepherd who, with many oaths, drove our pony and its attendant foal away, giving first a fierce volley at our dragoman, a youth of some sixteen years, and next at the innocent mare; and all this after he had granted permission to us to let the pony graze at the foot of the hill while we sketched at the top.

The streamlets from Cuiraing were full and foaming; the burn near the Gaelic school-house had overflowed its banks, and inside the building we saw one of the quaintest gatherings of kilted lads and sweet wee Skye girls, not over-warmly clad, some of the more delicate shivering with cold; and one or two, for lack of other, with clothes greatly bigger than themselves. In a circle they gathered round the fire. It is not one of the most pleasing occupations listening to a Gaelic lesson, though in this case the master's mouth was itself a study as he threw out the sounds for the little ones to imitate. In honour of a stranger visiting the school he bade them cheer and clap their hands. They were good at that. Not so at the after exercise, viz., a singing lesson. The master had neither a musical ear nor a musical voice, and he made sad, sad work of "There is a happy land far, far away." The school-house singing would not awake the most joyful anticipations of the bliss promised in the line,

"There we shall sweetly sing."

I am told he is a good Gaelic teacher, and he was a good man, whose character was everywhere esteemed, but underpaid. These schools are fast disappearing and giving place to better. The labourer is worthy of his hire; and those who devote their lives to this most arduous work have need to be maintained comfortably.

Note P. Sacramental Gathering at Stornoway.

"On Sunday evening, the community of Stornoway was shocked by hearing that a man and woman had been run over by a horse and cart, and the woman killed. The report proved to be too true. Sunday being the half-yearly communion in connection with the Free Church, there was a large gathering of people from all parts of the island, and even from the mainland. Fully five

thousand persons met in an enclosed park on the outskirts of the town, the services being chiefly conducted by Dr. Kennedy of Dingwall. The proceedings lasted from eleven o'clock until after six P.M. No less than seven tables were served, and there were nearly eight hundred communicants. At the close, when the multitude dispersed, the roads were densely crowded—more especially the road leading past the Sandwick Manse, about a mile from Stornoway. There were several horses and carts conveying persons home; and one of these, driven by Donald Mackenzie, a lad of thirteen, son of a fisherman from Knock, started at a gallop. The cart struck a seaman, named John Macdonald, from Sandwick Hill, and knocked him down, passing over his legs. A few yards beyond, the horse knocked down an old woman, and one of the wheels passed over her head. The horse was then stopped by the people on the road. The poor woman expired in a few seconds, the wheel having passed over the head behind the ear. She was ascertained to be the wife of Alex. Mackay, a crofter from Garbost, and about sixty years of age. The lad who drove the horse and cart has since been apprehended. It is alleged by some that he was galloping to get past another horse and cart, and by others that he had lost control of the horse, which was easily frightened. Great sympathy is felt for the husband and family of the deceased, who are very respectable persons."

The above paragraph appeared in the "Inverness Courier" on August 31st, 1876. These open-air communion services are common in the Western Highlands. I witnessed one on not so large a scale at Portree. The sight was a very solemn one; we Southrons are apt to say too solemn: we will not judge. If it is godly sorrow for sin, and sympathy with Him who died for us, saddens them, it is well; if it is hard thoughts of God, or a too exclusive dwelling upon the greatness and the power of Him who reigneth in heaven, and a shutting out of the glorious light of His love, it is to be regretted. I have attended very many Highland religious meetings, some in Gaelic, a language I do not understand. There is a tone of extreme sadness seems to run through all, and in meeting with individual Christians, who had spent much of their time under native teaching, the same element was very strongly developed. It may be that modern teaching in the south gives too little attention to deep inwrought convictions concerning the exceeding sinfulness of sin; but on the other hand there is need in the Highlands for McCheney's advice—for one look at self take ten at Christ.

I was at Stornoway when the lad was tried for his reckless driving. The evidence had all to be translated by an interpreter, and the oath administered in a like manner. It was most touching to see the old man whose wife had been killed giving evidence, and many of the men of the district. I have seldom seen a finer set of fishermen, so fine-looking, so well dressed, and intelligent. The case was tried before the Sheriff by jury, and the verdict was, I think, three months' imprisonment.

Note Q. Watching the Castle in the absence of the Chief.

"It was a custom derived from remote antiquity that when the chief went from home his castle was watched every night by some of his adherents, who took that duty by turns.

"This practice no doubt originated in necessity, when the danger of a sudden attack by night was in some measure obviated by such a precaution.

"But in later and more peaceable times it became a mere form, a compliment paid to the dignity of the absent chieftain, of whose consequence all the clan participated. One gentleman only came, bringing an attendant or two with him as a necessary precaution. The scene of the vigil was always the great room of the castle, which, being large, empty of substantial beings, and replenished with family pictures, was sufficiently dreary through a long February night such as I am speaking of. 'On such a night' came a gentleman of no small note to perform the wonted vigil. This was to be literally such, for to sleep would be indecorous in the highest degree. He entered before midnight this stately apartment, attended by his servant, a mere youth, who had never seen a large room or a large picture in his life, and of consequence must have thought the shades of the brave and the beautiful, who seemed, fixed in motionless gaze, to behold him from all sides, very awful.

"His master, not feeling inclined to conversation, indulged a solitary musing near the fire. The young man sat down in the recess of a window at a respectful distance.

"When two persons watched together in this manner there was a kind of implied compact that one should keep the other awake. There was a good reason for this, for if one slept, the other was virtually left in the power of the

spirits of darkness. The master, after watching till near morning, was overpowered with sleep. The servant, full of wonder and speculation, was kept awake by the novelty of the scene around him. He perceived, however, that his master slumbered, and, feeling a sudden chill, attempted to rise and awaken him. He was suddenly arrested by astonishment, when the great folding doors were instantly thrown open, and two footmen in the family livery came in bearing lights. They were followed by some of the family who had been dead for years, and whose wan and ghastly visages 'looked not like inhabitants of the earth.' Their dress and behaviour, however, exactly resembled that of their fellow-mortals in the same condition of life. Pope tells us of female sylphs or gnomes who, 'though they play no more, o'erlook the cards.'

"These phantoms went further. The card-tables were placed, and they actually sat down to play. They conversed, too, a great deal; but though this intruder on their amusements saw their lips moving and their gestures varying, he never heard the sound of their voices.

"His terror was much augmented by recognizing in one of the footmen a kinsman of his own, who in his lifetime had served in the castle in that capacity. The dusky grey of the dawn now began to appear. The shadowy troop rather hastily returned the way they came. In passing, however, one turned towards the watcher and breathed upon him. It was a cold breath that seemed to freeze the blood in his veins. The cock crew and his master awakened. The poor visionary begged to be carried home, being unable to move. His request was immediately complied with. He called his friends about him and narrated all that had happened to him, adding that the hand of death was upon him, and nothing could save him. He died in three days after of a fever and delirium.

"The lady from whom I had the recital is still alive, and remembers the circumstances of the man's death, her father's attending his funeral, and coming home full of the story.

"Now, that this poor man in such a situation should dream awake is not at all surprising. Dreams of this regular kind so often denote a foregone conclusion, that it may be matter of wonder how the materials of such a one could be supplied to a youth, who was so entire a stranger to the form of life he saw thus represented.

"But the curiosity and intelligence of these people is inconceivable. There

was not a house in the strath but what was in some way connected with the attendants of the great family, and all were anxious to know particulars of the domestic life of their beloved chief, such as those attendants were qualified to describe. This youth no doubt had heard often of the evening card parties at the castle, which he would in fancy associate with the family pictures, and with some help from memory, and more from fear, furnish out the fatal vision."

—*Superstitions of the Highlanders*, Vol. I., p. 226.

NOTE R. DR. MACCULLOCH'S ACCOUNT OF A HIGHLAND INN STABLE.

"But if, after describing Mrs. Maclarty's kitchen, and after breakfasting, dining, and sleeping at her hotel, I were not to lead you into the stable of a Highland inn of this class, I should be unfair to the fair sex; as it must be supposed that this department, however indirectly, is under the management of Mrs. Maclarty, not of the lady. If you should succeed in reaching it, it must be through a pool of mud and water, and other indescribables; and it will be fortunate if there are some stepping-stones for yourself, more fortunate if your horse does not slip on them, and souse you with the perfumes of this moat. If he is a tall horse, not understanding architecture, he will knock his head against the doorway; and if you have the misfortune to carry a portmanteau, as may happen to a single gentleman, he will stick in the passage and pull off the straps, which there is no saddler to mend. When you get in you find two or three holes in the wall for the sake of ventilation, so that, on Mr. Coleman's system, he cannot catch cold. If you do not keep an eye on him, you will shortly find him swilling water out of a bucket, or in the nearest river; and the next morning he is foundered, and so are you. When he does want water, as there is seldom a pail, he is dragged out by the mane to this river, and if he breaks his knees among the rocks and stones, he is used to it, or else his fraternity is, which is the same thing. It is reckoned polite here to suffer the mud to dry on his legs, and to pick or examine his feet would be troublesome. If the thatch is water-tight, so much the better. A hay-loft is a luxury; and as there is no stable lantern, the hay hangs down among the loose boards upon the candle; but being damp, there is no danger. The boy goes up to stir it about, and you are covered with dust and chaff; so is the horse; and as he is

not wiped down, and there is no horse-cloth, that helps to keep him warm. Since the Scottish Reformers pulled down the stalls in their churches, they have probably thought them unnecessary in their stables; but a few saddles, and pikes, and poles, and wheelbarrows, and horse-collars, with a stray pig, a hen and chickens, and a calf, serve at the same time to wedge him up, and to prevent him from being dull. It is not likely that you will object to the company of half a dozen sharp-horned stirks and stots; but what then? If you think it prudent to tie him up, under these circumstances, or because the house is filled with Highland ponies, jostling, and squabbling, and kicking in every direction, there is no halter. You may use your bridle, which he will break; or if you insist on a halter, a rope will be found before to-morrow, and made fast round his throat with a slip-knot, so that it is not unlikely you will find him hanged the next morning. If there is a manger, probably the corn is put into it; but it is either full of holes, so that the oats run through, or so high that he cannot reach them. If there is a rack, the hay is thrown on the ground, which is a great saving, because he will spoil half of it, and that will serve for his bed.

"That, with his own produce, is the only bed he will get; but being added to the former beds of former horses, it serves to keep him moist and cool. You begin by giving him hay, but it is made of musty rushes and other matters: he refuses to eat it, expecting corn; but if you begin with corn, as that is musty too, he waits for the hay. It is probable that he will determine which is worst when he is hungry enough. A Highlander ostler of this family is a great enemy to delicacy; therefore begin this journey by bronzing your stirrups and bridle, and it will save remonstrance. When you are about to depart in the morning, you must not be in haste, because your horse is neither fed nor watered, nor is likely to be until you do it yourself. If he is a grey horse, you will find that he has turned green; and as he will turn greener every day, since a currycomb was never heard of in Mrs. Maclarty's stables, the prudent thing is to paint him green before you begin. A wisp of straw might have been substituted, you will think, for the currycomb; but the knave trusts that the next shower will do as well. The mane, of course, is matted by the fairies—for how else could it become so inextricable, that the fingers of the bare-headed kilted callan will not make it lie in any direction—even in the wrong one? If he possesses the luxury of a comb of either kind, it is probable he will use the one to straighten his own locks, and the other to claw his own hide. When your saddle and

bridle are to be put on, you will find that they have been lying in the dirt all night, as there is no peg to hang them on; and in a well-regulated stable it is held matter of policy to keep some wild colt or filly loose, who walks about in the night, trying to purloin the hay and corn of his neighbours, having none of his own, so that, if you sleep near it, you are regaled with quarrelling, and kicking, and stamping all night. But it is time to lock the stable door—yet not till you have paid the breechless lout as much for doing nothing as, in London, would have polished horse, bit, and stirrups to the lustre of the planet Venus, and twice as much for musty husks and mouldy rushes as would have procured all the luxuries of Mark Lane and the Haymarket."

NEARING BLAIRGOWRIE.

DALZIEL BROTHERS
ENGRAVERS & PRINTERS
Camden
Press